

L. W. L. LIFE

A
Publication
Produced by the
Students of

LICK
WILMERDING
LUX

San Francisco,
June, 1938

When We Reflect

*There are times when we relive the city's past
And find the secret of its charm;
We see more than the wharves and docks,
Freights and ferries—
We see their development,
We hear their stories;
We feel their colorful background,
And know a native pride
For our city's hardy builders.*

*There are times when we see more than fine parks,
Tall buildings and great bridges—
We feel the spirit and see the dreams
Of those that planned and built them.
We feel the designer taking joy in his
Creations;
We feel the workers finding joy in
Constructing,
And we feel the pulse and triumph
Of the city
As it surges ever forward.*

FACULTY

GEORGE A. MERRILL, B. S., *Director*

LICK AND WILMERDING

BRUNO HEYMANN, M.E., <i>Dean of Lick</i>	Machinery Drafting, Aeronautical Subjects
EUGENE RYAN BOOKER, A.B., <i>Dean of Wilmerding</i>	Mathematics
RALPH H. BRITTON, A.B.	Physics
SYDNEY A. TIBBETTS, B.S.	Chemistry, Mineralogy
GRACE MENG, A.B.	English, Latin
VIOLET A. PALMER, B.A.	English
JOSEPH A. PIVERNETZ, A.B., M.A.	History, Civics, Economics
OTIS L. McINTYRE, B.S.	Applied Science, Surveying, Structural Drafting
WILBERT VESTNYS, A.B.	Architecture
LESTER S. HOLMES	Woodwork
FRED H. MIGHALL	Stonework
WALDO H. STONE	Plumbing, Sheet Metal
SIMEON L. OWEN	Machine Shop
GEORGE G. COMBS	Electrical Work
DOROTHY IMBECK	Office Assistant
AIDA B. PATTERSON	Recorder

LUX

GLADYS I. TREVITHICK, B.A., M.A.	Dean
EVELYN M. SINCLAIR, B.A.	English
DOROTHY C. SMALL, A.B.	English, Stenography
ADELAIDE SYLVA, A.B.	Physics, Algebra, Botany
ALICE S. BLANDY, A.B.	Chemistry, Bacteriology
MARY ELEANOR HUGHES, B.A.A.	Freehand Drawing, Crafts
DOROTHY JENKINSON	Interior Decoration, Costume
KATHLEEN McNALLY, B.E.	Health Sciences
AUDREY V. MIGUEL	Millinery
MARY E. HOFFMAN, B.S.	Sewing
FRANCES M. SPIKE, B.S.	Cooking
JOHN E. GURLEY, D.D.S.	Professional Practice
FREDERICK VAN DYKE, D.D.S.	Dental Anatomy
ROBERT W. RULE, JR., D.D.S.	Dental Technics
ALICE E. THANE	Vocational Coordination
VIRNA YOUNG, R.N.	Nursing Procedure
MARTHA G. WICKERSHAM	Recorder

AN EXAMPLE OF GOOD LEADERSHIP

37X + 38J = A plus

GEO. A. MERRILL



● Experienced teachers know that each graduating class, whether from a high school or from a higher institution, has characteristics and traits peculiar to that particular group, just as different tribes, or different nations, or different races of people develop customs, qualities and characteristics by which each may be identified. Even though the members of a graduating class were unacquainted with each other when they entered the school, and have been classmates for only a few years, within that brief length of time the individual members borrow from each other ways of thinking and of doing things which ultimately become habitual with them and a permanent part of their personalities; and the class as a whole becomes a composite unit. Dominant traits that are born in us, of course, are not easily changed, but there are many things about us that are not so dominant but that they can be changed, or at least modified, by favorable environment, and especially by fine friendships such as the members of the L. W. L. Classes of 37X and 38J have so noticeably cultivated.

Nor will these acquired attributes prove to be transient or ephemeral things that will be lost or nullified after graduation, in a different environment. On the contrary, the high standards which these classes have set for themselves, in deportment as well as in scholarship, and their fortunate selection of capable leaders and class officers, give assurance that the admirable qualities of young manhood and young womanhood which they have developed here will prove to be permanent assets in the shaping of their future careers.

It is to be hoped that subsequent classes will strive to emulate this excellent example.

● It is with a great deal of regret that I have seen the December 1937 and the June 1938 classes graduate.

They have been faithful, unselfish and conscientious workers both in the classrooms and in the social life of the school. Everything which these classes have attempted has always been a great success, because of their cooperation and fine leadership. If they continue to work in their various fields in the same manner that they have done here at the school, I know they will be graduates of whom the school will be proud.

My hope is that during their few years here we have taught them to love the truth, to despise falsehood, to avoid the cheap and shoddy, and to recognize and admire the good.

I congratulate these classes upon the fine record they have made and wish them every success.



GLADYS TREVITHICK

THIRTY YEARS

● The panic of the fall of 1907, like subsequent similar events, caused extensive dislocations in business and the industries and was one of the principal reasons for my joining the faculty of the California School of Mechanical Arts.

A congenial faculty, a student body intent upon making the most of its educational opportunities, a sensible curriculum permitting great freedom of action, and a prevailing atmosphere of good will and good fellowship struck a responsive chord in me, and soon made me feel at home in my new field of endeavor. Although I had never taught before, the students and I managed to get along very well. Every year we graduated a large number of well trained, intelligent young men, as fine specimens of young manhood as could be found anywhere.

Nothing very exciting happened until the summer of 1918, when for eight weeks our school did its bit by giving intensive industrial training to 150 young men from Oregon who had been inducted into the military service. The present shop building served as barracks. A mess hall was installed in the basement of the academic building and has been continued since as our cafeteria. At the end of the training period the contingent was ordered to France and saw action on the battle fields at once.

During the years 1919 to 1924, aside from regular instruction, the school undertook the rehabilitation of the disabled men returning from War service. I was appointed counselor for the men who received their training together with the regular students, and we felt that both sides benefited by the arrangement.

The organization and readjustment to changed after-war conditions have occupied our earnest attention until now, and we are confident that the efforts of our director, Mr. Merrill, have placed the school on a new and firm foundation.

BRUNO HEYMANN



E. R. BOOKER

● It has been a distinct pleasure to have worked with the members of the December 1937 and June 1938 graduating classes, not only as a teacher but also in connection with the various phases of school life in which they have so actively participated.

As students, they have been all that a teacher could desire, having lived up to their individual capabilities to an extent rare among similar groups of the generation.

In student body affairs, these classes have set an example of leadership and cooperation which has been unparalleled in my experience. They have given freely and unselfishly of their time and efforts in behalf of the student body as a whole and, during the present readjustments, their leadership and example have done a great deal toward welding the various elements of our student body into a unified group.

I am indeed proud to have had the privilege of being associated with such a fine group of young men and young women and offer them here and now my congratulations on having attained such marked progress toward a fine and useful life. It is hoped that, no matter what the future may hold in store for them, they will remain always close to their school, proud of their school and with their school proud of them.

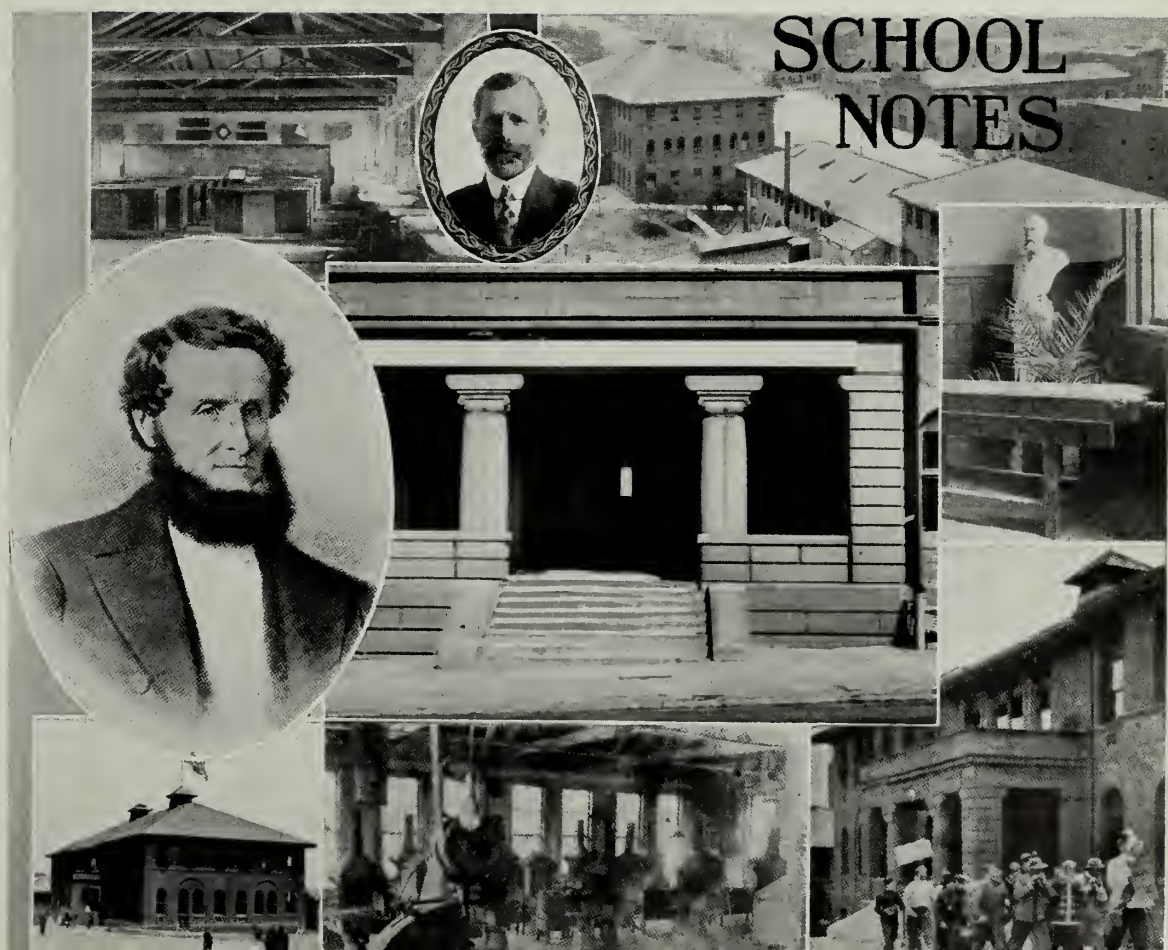
● On September 21, 1875, James Lick, a California pioneer who had made a fortune in San Francisco real estate, executed a deed of trust giving his entire estate for various purposes of public benefit, one of which was the Lick School, the name of which, he prescribed, should be "The California School of Mechanical Arts." A further stipulation of the founder was that the purpose of the school should be "to educate males and females in the practical arts of life." The establishment of the school was delayed by prolonged litigation, and it was not until January, 1895, that the buildings were erected and the groups of students constituting the first classes enrolled.

The accomplishments of the students who have subsequently been graduated from this institution have proved the soundness of James Lick's theory—that young Americans should be taught to work with their hands as well as with their heads.

1895



LICK TECHNICAL



GRADUATING

1937X

Bernice Bagala
Mary Cannelora
Doris DeVincenzi
Frederick Hafer

Stanley Bammann
Carlo Cipriano
John Ednoff
Joyce Horgan

Ada Bin
George Cole
Betty England

Anton Ackermann
Norman Bonner
Charles Crain

Florence Anderson
Edward Brugge
Norma DeMartini
Gerrard Graham

James Ashman
Adell Cacciari
Alice DeMulder
Raymond Graham



CLASSES

1938 J

Elsie Johnson
Leo McEnnerney
Vera Newfield
Glenn Schaeffer

Nancy Judson
Jack Miché
Ralph Peters
James Sieler

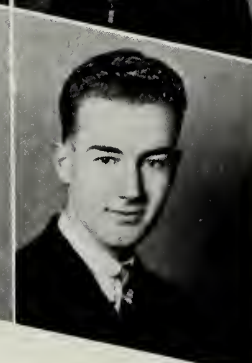
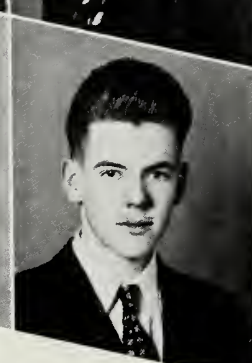
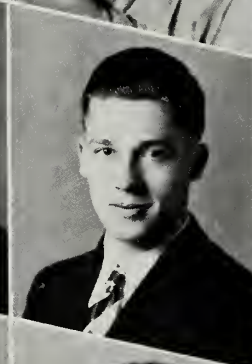
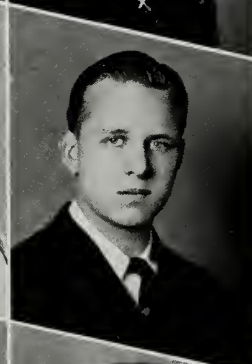
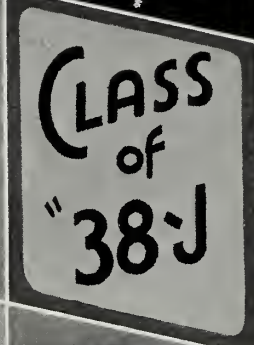
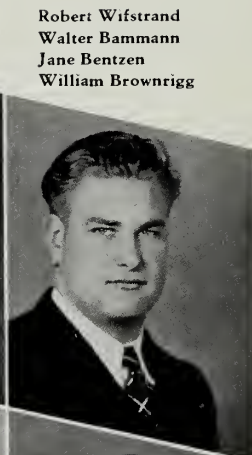
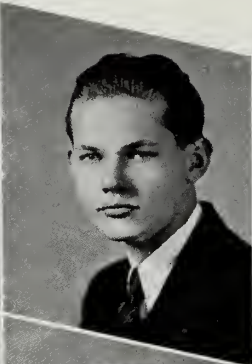
William Kilcourse
Catherine Milano
Grace Ridgway
James Spencer



Vincent LoGuidice
Henry Mohr
James Rook
Agnes Stark

Paul Marincich
Jack Moisieva
Margaret Ruegg
Fletcher Steele

Kado Marsh
Glenn Mueller
Dan Ruxton



CLASS
of
"38-J

Helen White
Elizabeth Baiocchi
Frederick Bense
Laverne Bonzani

Robert Wifstrand
Walter Bammann
Jane Bentzen
William Brownrigg

Arthur Wilkins
Mildred Bartosiewski
Alec Bernadsky
Paul Burbage

Jean Symon
Helen Wilson
James Baxter
Mary Bernasconi

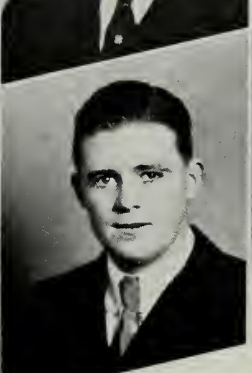
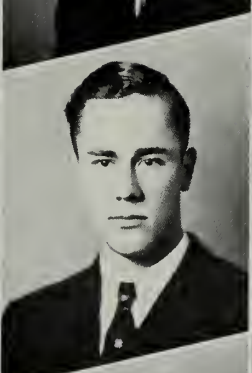
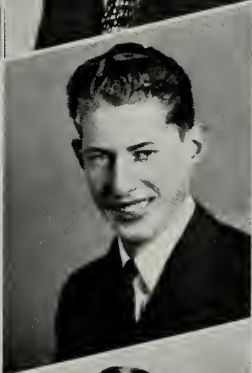
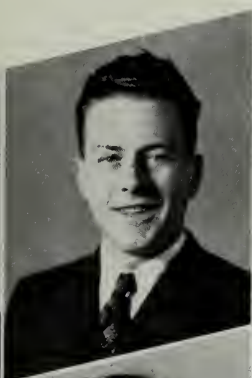
Erich Thomsen
Henry Yerman
Barbara Beardsley
Calvin Biggar

Lawrence Vais
Mary Jane Beckes
Norma Boccari

Ralph Campbell
 Frederick Comendant
 Martha Davis
 Florence Egan

Earl Campini
 Margaret Cory
 Denton Delavan
 Jack Escher

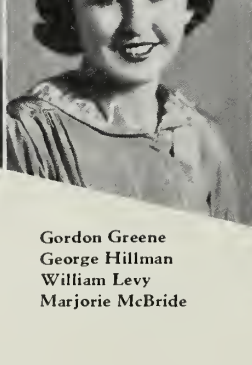
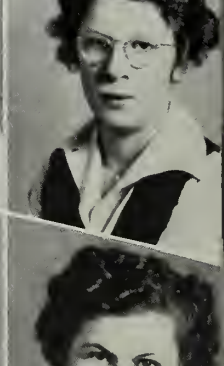
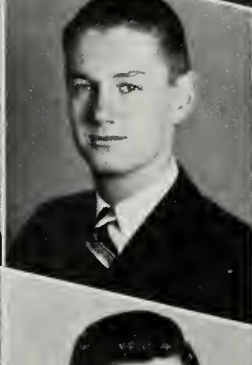
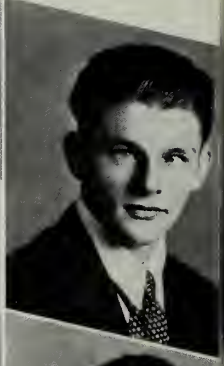
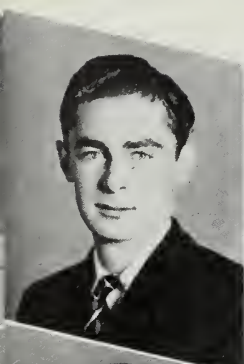
Robert Casburn
 Omer Cotterell
 Marlin Delavan
 Verlyn Fellman



Harold Caughrean
 Barbara Cronburg
 Anita DePaoli
 Betty Ann Flesher

Merrie Christmas
 Raymond Currie
 Della Ditman
 Dorothy Freeman

Peter Chucatos
 Rob Roy Cyr
 Emmett Donovan
 Edward Gallagher



Philip Ginsburg
Alma Hansen
Gertrude Farrell
Keith Mathews

Armand Giovanelli
Evelyn Hanson
Cletus Krag
Sheldon Mayes

Gordon Greene
George Hillman
William Levy
Marjorie McBride

Marguerite Grossen
Bernard Holland
Evelyn Logemann
Charles McCulloch

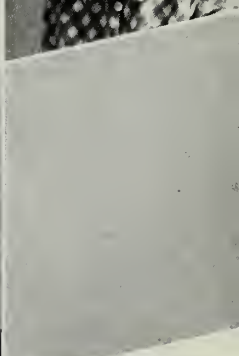
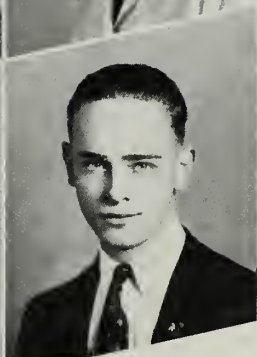
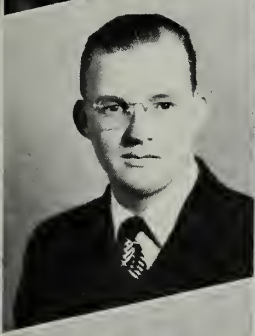
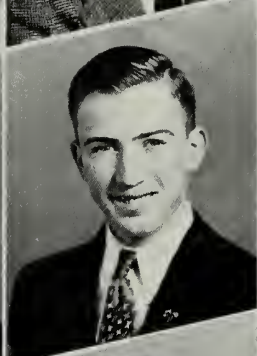
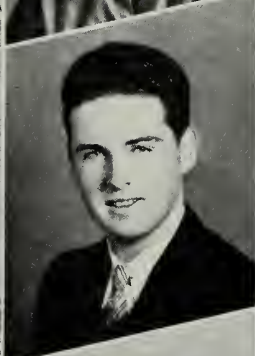
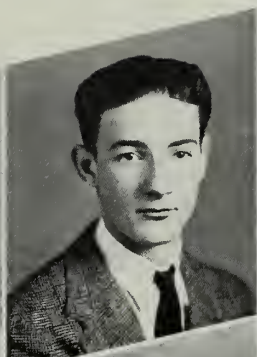
Elinor Guynn
Jane Horspool
Lillian Lutich
Marshall McDonald

Allen Hadley
Paul Jensen
Rita Manley
Edna McIvor

Iwin Merrill
 essie Pontilio
 Harold Schroeder

Bettjean Miller
 Frederick Furrer
 Charles Schultz
 James Thompson

Dorothy Mitchell
 Beryl Rehker
 Betty Seeger
 Marjorie Ward



Judith Morton
 Robert Reilly
 Rose Soldati
 Raymond Winters

George Perazzo
 Dan Rhodes
 Josephine Stanley
 Harold Yager

Joseph Peterson
 Henry Rohe
 Betty Tallmadge

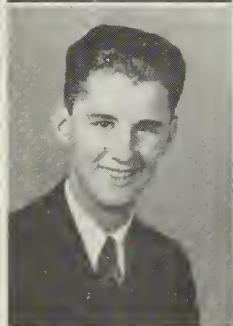
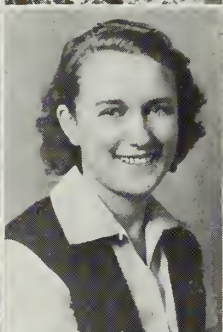
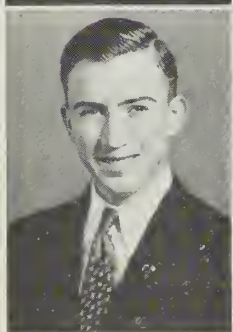
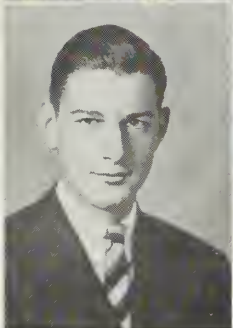
● Spurred on by a desire to establish a school "in which boys could learn trades fitting them to make a living with their hands, with little study and plenty of work," Julius C. Wilmerding was prompted to establish the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts. Because he recalled the helpless condition in which he had found himself when his youthful business venture had failed, he determined to give to boys of future generations an opportunity for acquiring useful occupations. Although he had no boys of his own, he took a lively interest in boys. Whether walking on the street or driving along in his carriage, he would frequently stop to watch groups of boys at play, or to converse with them about their prospects, and to give them good advice—or something more substantial, if needed.

The result of his interest in boys was the bequest in his will of \$400,000 for the establishment of a trade school.

Following his wishes to the letter, the trustees of the fund fitted out the Wilmerding School to instruct boys in all the useful trades of the day. Changes in courses offered have been made from time to time to meet new conditions, but the fundamental purpose of the school remains the same.

WILMERDING INDUSTRIAL





Denton Delavan
Ralph Peters
Rob Roy Cyr
Dan Rhodes
Jack Miché

Nancy Judson
Mary Bernasconi
Mildred Bartosiewski
Bettjean Miller
Elizabeth Baiocchi

PRESIDENTS' MESSAGE

● Embarking on a semester of better self-government and greater development of school spirit, the Lux Board of Control planned a program to uphold the standards of our school and to create means by which the social relationship of the Lick-Wilmerding-Lux students could be improved. Pep rallies, afternoon dances, and baseball games have helped us to put to greater use the privileges allowed the student body.

The Lux Newcomers' Rally introduced and welcomed the new students to the various clubs. That event, followed closely by the Newcomers' Tea and joint rally and dance, started the social functions of the term. Since then, rallies and dances have been held to entertain the students and to inspire both players and rooters to give their best support to the athletics of our schools. These rallies resulted in attracting more spectators to our baseball games.

The Board of Control provides a medium through which the students may voice their opinions. Through the representatives on the Board, the classes are successfully represented and linked to form our student body. The Student Court is designed to insure proper obedience to the rules and regulations of our school. We are proud to say that we have not had any cases during the spring term.

The Board of Control wishes to thank Miss Sylva, our sponsor, for her understanding and patience, and Miss Trevithick for her splendid guidance. We also wish to acknowledge the help of teachers, students, clubs, committees and individual departments, who in showing such a fine friendly spirit, have made this term successful and eventful. We have been proud to represent them.

NANCY JUDSON
MARY BERNASCONI

PRESIDENTS' MESSAGE

● Action and spirit have characterized the past year. Through the cooperation of every member of the student body all activities of the school have been exceptionally successful.

By the earnest effort of many talented members of the student body we have been able to present exciting and interesting rallies and assemblies. The spirit shown in these activities has been altogether commendable.

Our four night dances have been social events to remember. Each of the dances portrayed some phase of that season in which it was held. Roaring football enthusiasts turned out to the "Pigskin Frolic"; and to celebrate the fall harvest, gleeful young people enjoyed the "Harvest Hop". Inaugurating the spring semester with a Valentine's Dance, L. W. L. students enjoyed themselves in the atmosphere of Cupid and love bugs; and, ending one of the most successful dance years in L. W. L. history, all the farmers, farmerettes, and cow-punchers turned out in full regalia for an evening of true hay-loft fun.

The enthusiasm and spirit which was shown by the classes in their activities served to build a stronger student body and helped to create friendships which are destined to live for many years.

We wish to express our appreciation for all the support and help given by the faculty and student body, for without their sincere cooperation it would have been very difficult to carry out our plans.

Let us not rest on our past laurels, nor on our present triumphs; but let us strive to uphold the spirit and standards of L. W. and keep the tiger roaring.

EARL CAMPINI
DENTON DELAVAN



Mary Bernasconi
Marguerite Grossen
Bessie Pontilio
Beryl Rehker
Elizabeth Baiocchi

Earl Campini
Paul Jensen
Rob Roy Cyr
Harold Schroeder
Jack Miché



LICK BOARD OF CONTROL 37X

LUX BOARD OF CONTROL

● In its capacity of student court, the Lux Board of Control was so successful in its fall drive against offenders that not a single infringement of the Lux rules and standards has been reported during the spring term. Fall offenders were few, and none appeared before the Board more than once.

One of the important accomplishments of the spring term was the formation and publication of a set of rules on etiquette at the school dances.

No business matters of great importance have been transacted by the Lux Board of Control this year. The expenditures have been mainly for gifts of flowers or "sunshine boxes" to ill members of the student body. A gold charm bracelet having a medallion with a gold and white "L" inscribed on it was made official jewelry for Lux.

Various social affairs have been sponsored. At the beginning of each term the Board has given the semi-annual Newcomers' Tea.

All in all, since the Lux students are an orderly, studious group, the Lux Board of Control has not had an extremely strenuous year.

LUX BOARD OF CONTROL 37X





L. W. L. BOARDS OF CONTROL 38J

LICK BOARD OF CONTROL

● The serious problem of how much money should be spent on football was the main concern of the Lick Wilmerding Board of Control during the fall term of 1937. Under the direction of the president, Denton Delavan, the board brought the matter of balancing the budget to a successful conclusion by using the entire revenue from the bi-semester night dances to defray the football expenses. This action was made possible by the fact that the two dances were among the most successful in the history of the school, the clear profit being well over \$75.00.

Another history-making act of this body was the recommendation that football be discontinued. This resolution had a very serious bearing upon the life of the school in view of Lick's successful football teams of the past.

For the spring semester the president was Earl Campini, who led the board in a successful term of student body government. Paul Jensen was the vice-president, replacing Ralph Peters, and Rob Roy Cyr was re-elected as secretary. Outstanding in the business of the spring term was the football controversy. Several teachers recommended again that football be dropped from the list of extra-curricular activities. Since it was held that a board could not legislate for any other term but its own, it was decided to hold an open forum where the opinions of the whole student body might be aired. As a result of this meeting a questionnaire was drawn up and presented to the students.



38 X



J. C.

39 J





38 X



J. C.

39 J





39 X



40 J

40 J





39 X



40 X

40 X





FORUM

FORUM CLUBS

● With the hilarious combination of MacDonald as villain and Jack Miché as the serious brother, the joint Lick and Lux Forum Clubs gave the melodrama, "Curse You Jack Dalton," as a part of "Old Timers' Day." Other members of the cast were: Ralph Peters as Jack Dalton (the hero), Evelyn Godat as Bertha Blair (the heroine), Florence Egan as Eloise Dalton, and Barbara Cronburg as Mrs. Dalton, and Byrle Stafford as Anna Alvarado. Perhaps as attractive to the audience as the Forum Day play was the theme of the afternoon. The boys dressed up as old timers with beards, jeans, bandanas, guns, and all other "scenery" appropriate to the theme. The girls came as blushing (?) beauties of the 90's, with hoop skirts and bustles true to the period.

For the fall term's celebration, Navy Day was chosen as the theme. Two short plays were given on this occasion: "Who Says Can't?" starring Jack Miché, Betty Girling, Ralph Peters, and Mary Jane Beckes; and "It Sometimes Happens," with Rob Roy Cyr and Evelyn Godat.

Other plays and skits given jointly throughout the past year were: "A Major Operation," "At the Ferry," "Robert Burns," and "Napoleon's Farewell to his Grandmother."

To raise money to buy a rug for the Lux Stage, the Lux Forum Club gave two plays during the past year: "The Rehearsal" and "The Knave of Hearts." In January the Lux Club gave a short skit, "School Days," for the entertainment of the newcomers.

FORUM





GLEE

GLEE CLUBS

● Although the fall is never the best singing season, Jane Bentzen, fall president, rounded up her choristers and had them in voice for their appearance at graduation. Their earlier activities were mainly non-musical. "Her Hallowe'en Husband," a humorous skit, was presented by the Glee Club at the Lux Forum program on October 29. On the evening of the same day the Girls' Glee Club entertained the Lick orchestra at a Hallowe'en party. Appropriate noise was made.

Since the Lux Glee Club now meets in the seventh period instead of at the noon hour, much more than usual has been accomplished this term. A musical skit, coached by Miss Sinclair, was supplied as a background for the spring fashion show, which has taken the place of the annual pageant. Barbara Cronburg, Jane Bentzen, Betty Girling, Barbara Beardsley, Nelly Moncheur, June Elkington, and Evelyn Logemann were the cast. Officers for the spring term were Edith Alpers, Barbara Jarvis, and June Elkington.

Although they made no public appearances this term, the members of the Lick Glee Club have yodeled faithfully (and sometimes hilariously according to Mr. Britton) at their Monday and Tuesday meetings. The main event on their club calendar was the St. Patrick's Day party held with the Girls' Glee Club on March 11.

GLEE





CHESS

THE CHESS CLUB

● Although organized only at the beginning of this term, the Lick Wilmerding Chess Club is already one of the most active clubs in the school. There are about twenty members at present, and it is hoped that more students will become interested in this fascinating game and join. The club meets every Thursday during the noon hour, with Bob Johnson presiding. Besides pushing the pawns around among themselves, several of the older students are teaching some of the freshmen the art of playing chess. They have also formed a team for playing in interscholastic competition. It was with this team that they beat the Polytechnic team earlier in the term. The team consists of the following boys:

First board	Hafer
Second board	Rhodes
Third board	Johnson
Fourth board	Anderson
Fifth board	Comendant

LUX CAMERA CLUB

● This last year has seen the Lux Camera Club grow from a small organization to a comparatively active one. In the fall the club took its first hike across the Golden Gate Bridge, and at this time a monthly contest for snapshots was inaugurated. The officers for the term were Bettijean Miller, Mary Bernasconi, and Emma Ratto.

In the spring term the club was again headed by Bettijean Miller as president. Betty Tallmadge was vice-president, and Doretta Monsees, secretary. A permanent record for this term was started by Marguerite Grossen. A hike to Muir Woods was planned, and the girls entered snapshots in a contest sponsored by the Photo Art Monthly magazine. As a conclusion to its activities the Lux Camera Club sponsored a contest to obtain snaps for the journal.

CAMERA





ORCHESTRA

ORCHESTRA

● Given a fresh start with new equipment and new members, the Lick Wilmerding orchestra has practiced twice a week to give us music at all our rallies. Another innovation this term is an orchestra practice room. Aided by these improvements the orchestra has shown polish and skill in the playing of popular music.

- Composing the rhythm section this year are the following swingers:
- Albert Bohle violinist
 - Bob Johnson trombonist
 - Tom Peterson trumpeter
 - Harold Yager and Walter Rothenburg saxophonists
 - Dan Krag and Petrucello clarinet players
 - Walter Bammann, John Biggar and Jack Miché drummers

LICK CAMERA CLUB

● Just as a crewman is lost without his sturdy oars, so were the photographers of the Lick Wilmerding Camera Club lost without their darkrooms throughout the fall '37 semester. Although Mr. Tibbetts, sponsor, and Bill Levy, president, prepared interesting talks, the club members were still handicapped without the use of the darkrooms. But with the opening of the new and modern darkrooms this spring, the enrollment soon increased until the Camera Club is now the largest extra-curricular activity in the school. The club has had various exhibitions throughout the term in the Camera Club case located in the Wilmerding building. Among the exhibitors were George Hillman, Calvin Biggar, and Bill Levy.

During the middle of the spring term Fred Commendant was elected president. During the past semester some of the members have taken a course in photography from Mr. Tibbetts, and are now teaching the newly initiated members.

CAMERA





LIFE STAFF

LIFE STAFF

<i>Editor</i>	Bettjean Miller
<i>Assistant Editors</i>	Delmar Brown Marlin Delavan
<i>Art Editor</i>	Marguerite Grossen
<i>Business Manager</i>	Bill Levy
<i>Photographic Work</i>	George Hillman Marjorie McBride
<i>Cartoons</i>	Harold Schroeder
<i>Assistants:</i>	

Norman Bonner
 Barbara Beardsley
 Fred Bender
 Claude Dotson
 Merrie Christmas
 Barbara Cronburg
 Martha Davis
 Denton Delavan
 Evelyn Logemann
 Jack Miché
 Judith Morton
 Glenn Mueller
 Grace Ridgway
 Fletcher Steele
 Erich Thomsen
 Marjorie Ward
 Bill Williams
 Rob Roy Cyr

L. W. L. LIFE STAFF

● Scribblers and snoopers gathered early last fall to plan their 1938 "Life". They received permission to use the fifth period of every Wednesday as a journalism hour. Being eager to begin work, they took little time to elect their leaders and effect their organization. Bettjean Miller was chosen editor-in-chief; Delmar Brown and Marlin Delavan, assistant editors; Marguerite Grossen, art editor; and William Levy, business manager.

Since the Lux School celebrates its twenty-fifth birthday this year, the staff decided to make the 1938 issue of the "Life" historical of the progress of the schools. Old pictures and old stories of the school will give a backward glance, and newest additions and accomplishments will show the progress.

Not satisfied merely to work on an annual which would not come out for months, the journalists decided to issue a weekly paper and to post it on Friday mornings on the main bulletin boards of the three buildings. Different groups of staff members edited this news sheet called "The Tiger's Tale." From a three column first issue the paper has grown to a six-column and sometimes eight-column sheet and even boasts a scandal column with the very good name, "The Vacuum Cleaner". From time to time, features have appeared, the most exciting being baby pictures of the seniors, all embarrassingly tricked out with saucy captions. These pictures were reproduced and made uniform in size by George Hillman, Marjorie McBride, and Merrie Christmas. The greatest surprise among them was a quaint, adorable little boy, whose taffeta dress was trimmed in the fashion of years ago. It was our director, George A. Merrill.

At Thanksgiving time the staff published a ten-page mimeographed magazine, with news, poems, cartoons, editorials, and humorous essays.

The journalists are proud of themselves. They have had fun in producing both "The Life" and "The Tiger's Tale". They hope that the latter publication continues to appear on the school bulletin boards and becomes a school institution.

LIFE EDITORS



● Believing that every girl should be thoroughly instructed in the art of home making, Miranda W. Lux left in her will a bequest for the founding of the Lux School. In the year of 1912, one-third of Potrero Block was purchased and the building erected thereon. At the time of the opening of the school, a tri-partite agreement was made between the trustees of Lick, Wilmerding, and Lux to the effect that there should be one director for the three schools, but that each school should retain its individuality.

The Lux School was built to accommodate two hundred and fifty girls, particularly those from San Francisco, who had completed the grammar grades and were eager to become proficient in the household arts or to earn their livelihood in the industrial world. However, Lux was to be not only a school for training in material duties, but also a school with a soul—a school in which the future home makers of the world not only acquire skill in cooking, bed-making, and other household tasks, but also develop character and personality so that they may take their places in the world as fine examples of American womanhood.



LUX TECHNICAL INSTITUTE





FOOTBALL LINEUP

Smith	R. E.	Moisieve
Fallo	R. T.	Blackwell
Yager	R. G.	Ulbricht and Greene
Rohe	C.	Simon
Wirth (C)	L. G.	Sordelli
Chucatos	L. T.	Steele
Farrell	L. E.	Winters
Dotson	L. H.	Bridgeman
Dong	R. H.	Zmitrovich
White	Q.	Bundy and Murphy
Holland	F.	Peters

FOOTBALL

● The Lick Tigers, under the supervision of Coach Bernie Baumeister and Trainer Joe Pivernetz, started their gridiron training on August 23 at Jackson Park.

After two short weeks of practice the team met South San Francisco eleven in the first game of the season. Although our team fought valiantly, the more experienced and heavier South City team subdued the Tigers, 12-0.

In the next game of the season, the Lick gridders met the Tamalpais squad on the Tamalpais field. With their line functioning perfectly and their backs clipping and blocking like demons, the Tigers had rolled up a score of 12-6 at the end of the third quarter; but at that time a quarrel ensued and the Lick team decided to default the game, 1-0.

The next game with the Mission High reserves was not spectacular, but it was hard fought and interesting. Lick lost by the score 6-0 but redeemed itself later in a return game by trouncing the Bears, 6-0.

The "high light" of the season was the game with Jefferson High. In this game Lick unleashed a passing attack that would do credit to any college. In the first few minutes of the first quarter Lick made its first touchdown. Then, however, Lick became over-confident and Jefferson scored twice, once in the second and once in the third quarter. Starting its passing barrage in the fourth quarter, the Lick team marched from one end of the field to the other. With but two minutes left to play, Dotson threw a pass to White, who trotted over for the tally. Rollo Wirth's trusty toe scored the conversion.

When the game ended, the Lick eleven was again on Jefferson's 16 yard line and was steadily pushing for another touchdown. In this Jefferson game the Lick eleven accomplished the astonishing feat of completing 20 out of 23 passes attempted, a record very seldom accomplished even by colleges.

The last game was played after a ten-day lay off and with a weakened and seriously injured team against the heavy and experienced Balboa eleven. Even with this handicap the Tigers were beaten by the score of only 14-0.

Although the Tigers met defeat in most of their games, they maintained throughout the season the desire to win; even with odds against them they fought on and gave their all.

Although hampered by the numerous injuries which prevented him from working with the same squad all season, Coach Baumeister did a fine job of coaching and should be complimented for his excellent work.

● The baseball team, under the guidance of Coach Joe Pivernetz, has had a very successful season this year, winning seven out of its first ten games.

In the opening game the Lick team cut out Lowell by a score of 4-0.

Two days later the Tigers lost their first game. The Commerce Bulldogs won, taking advantage of the fact that the Lick pitching staff had not yet been rounded into form. The final score was Commerce 8, Lick 0.

After a layoff of one month due to spring rains, Lick traveled to Daly City to take its second win from Jefferson by a 2-1 margin. Cunningham pitched a three-hit game, striking out ten Jefferson batters.

The game with Galileo a few days later proved to be a real thriller. The North Beach boys were leading 5-0 in the last inning when the Tigers woke up. With two men out, Lick, aided by White's triple with the bases loaded, scored five runs to tie the score. In the extra inning Galileo scored one run, but with two out, Papenhausen hit a double to drive in the winning runs. Final score, Galileo 6, Lick 7.

South San Francisco, although it was allowed but one hit, beat our Lick boys in the next game. The final count showed South San Francisco 3, Lick 2. Banchero hit a home run over the club house for Lick in this game.

Again the Lick team suffered defeat by one run. This time Continuation rallied to score three runs in the last inning on a Lick error and won the game, 5-4.

The Tigers avenged this loss one week later when they met Continuation again. Lick, aided by triples poled out by Trailer and Plutt, won by a score of 8-3.

In the next game the Tigers avenged a former loss. This time the victim was South San Francisco. Lick opened this game by scoring three runs in the first inning. The South City boys came back with four runs, but were held to two hits for the rest of the game. The Tigers, aided by White's triple, with two men on bases, won easily by the count of 8-6.

For the next game Lick traveled to San Mateo. By scoring five runs in the second inning and eight in the fourth the Tigers coasted in to an easy 15-6 win. White and Trailer both hit home runs for Lick.

In the tenth game the Lick Varsity trounced Jefferson, 11-2. Jefferson gathered only four hits. The Tigers took an early lead by scoring 6 runs in the first inning, 3 in the third, and 2 in the sixth. White hit another triple with two men on base, while Cunningham again fanned ten Jefferson batters.

In order to give the team a chance to earn blocks, Coach Pivernetz is trying to schedule two more games. If he is successful in arranging these games, they will probably be against Burlingame and Emeryville.

The team's batting average this year has been excellent. Trailer and Papenhausen are the most consistent hitters, both batting over .500. Plutt and Moisievie also have fine batting averages, although they have not played in as many games as the other boys. Both are hitting over .375.

White is the heavy hitter on the team, having four triples, four doubles, and one homer. He is batting over .350.

Holland is leading in stolen bases with ten, while Trailer is second with eight. Trailer is leading in runs with sixteen scored; White is second with nine runs; and Papenhausen, third with eight.

This year the Lick team has defeated the leading teams in both local leagues, the P. C. L. and the A. A. A.

Captain Cunningham, whose fine pitching has won many games for Lick this year, deserves much of the credit for the very successful season.



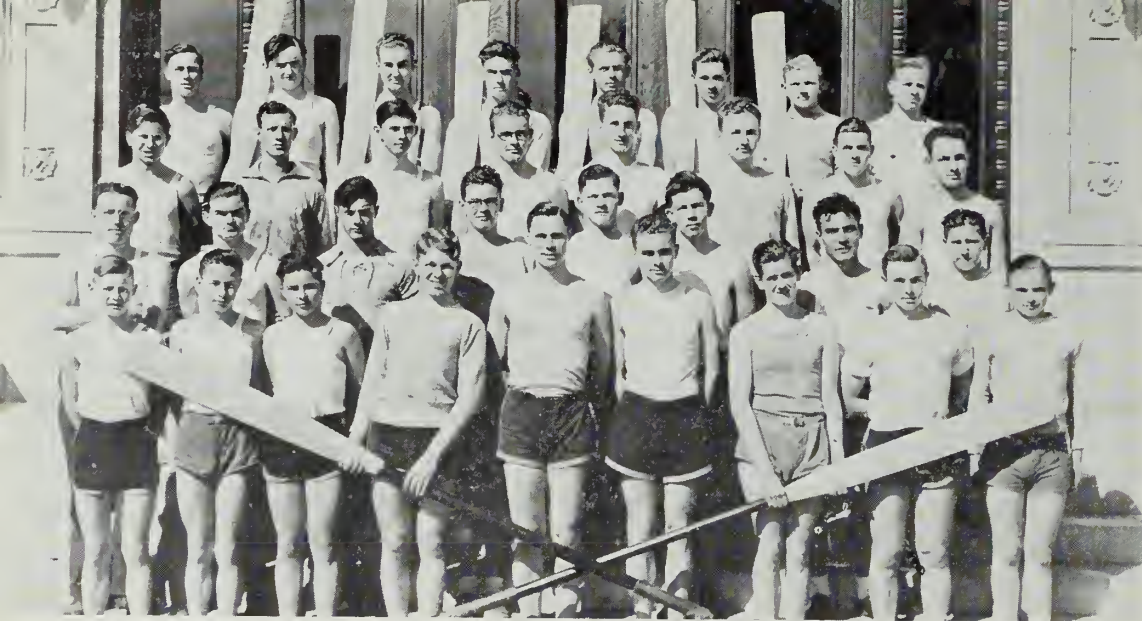
BASEBALL

LINE UP

Position	First String
P	Cunningham
C	Farrell—Ginsburg
1B	White
2B	Moisieve
3B	Papenhausen—McGuire
SS	Trailer
LF	Grieve—Plutt
CF	Banchero
RF	Holland

TEAM BATTING AVERAGE

No.	Name	Position	AB	H	Pct.
1.	Trailer	SS-2B	33	18	.545
2.	Papenhausen	3B-SS	35	18	.514
3.	Plutt	LF	14	6	.428
4.	Moisieve	2B-SS	16	6	.375
5.	White	1B	33	12	.363
6.	Holland	RF	23	8	.348
7.	Banchero	CF	31	10	.310
8.	Farrell	C	22	6	.211
9.	Ginsburg	C	7	1	.143
10.	Cunningham	P	34	4	.118
11.	McGuire	3B	17	3	.176
12.	Grieve	LF	16	1	.062



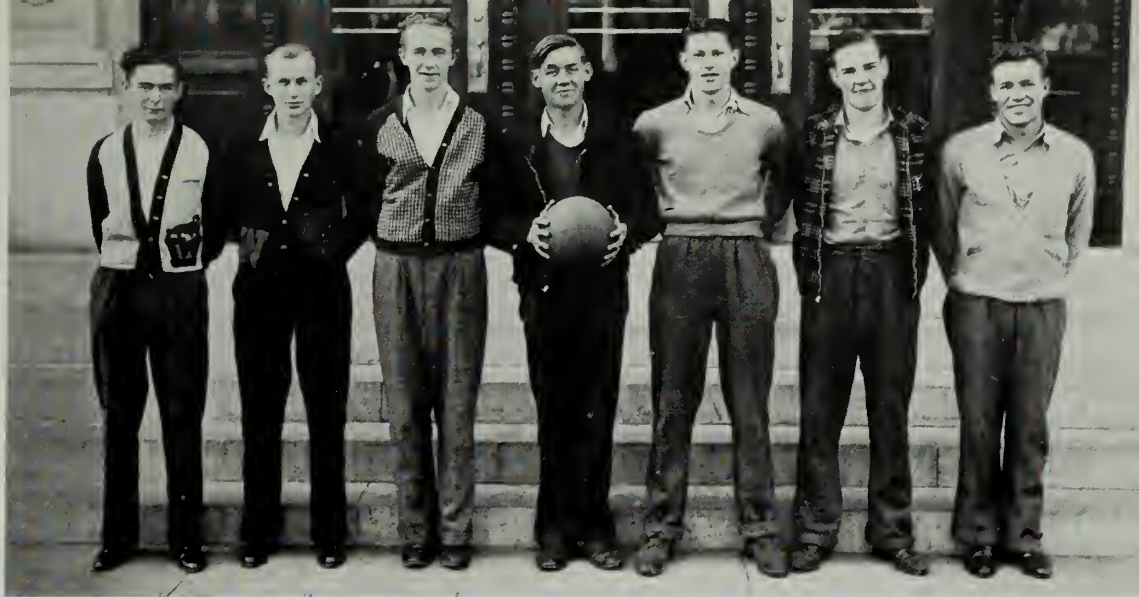
LICK WILMERDING CREW

● Enthusiasm for boating was so keen this term that a crew was organized with thirty original members. Because of the interest shown in this sport Mr. Merrill obtained the permission of the harbor commission to build a boat house at "Central Basin," at the end of Mariposa Street.

As the school budget did not allow for a crew coach, all the supervision was done by the older boys, especially Denton Delavan and Paul Budes. Handicapped by the lack of equipment, the crew spent most of the term exercising in the oval, but toward the end of the term a number of races at Yacht Harbor were arranged. The crew has worked hard since actual rowing began and is anxious to make a good showing.

Much interest and spirit was shown by each boy, and the crew as a whole is looking forward to next fall when Lick will have its own boathouse and equipment. Mr. Merrill has expressed his desire to have Lick lead in bay area aquatic sports.

The boys who rowed on the first crew were: Bridgeman, Courter, M. Delavan, Yates, Bense, Jensen, D. Delavan, Cyr, Garavaglia, Didier, Behrens, McDonald, Ehlers, and Rohe.



BASKETBALL

● The interclass basketball season ended with the awarding of the trophy to the chemistry team. Having won the cup for the third consecutive season, they presented it to the student body for the trophy case. The winning chemistry team was: Zmitrovich, Barney, Gilchrist, Merrill, and Moisieve. Mr. Pivernetz complimented the boys on their line playing, particularly Pete Zmitrovich (Captain). The Mechanical Drawing and Electric Shops tied for second place with Machine Shop and Metal Shop trailing.

● The J. C. won the interclass baseball season by defeating the juniors in three straight games of the five-game series. The line-up was: catcher, Gilchrist; pitcher, Barney; first base, Cunningham; second, Moisieve; third, Trailer; short-stop, Zmitrovich; center field, Banchemo; left field, Gutterman. Farrell played a nice game for the juniors, as did White and Holland, and Bonovitch enabled the seniors to hold third place, with the sophomores bringing up the rear.



L. A. A. NEWS

● At the beginning of the 1937 fall term, the L.A.A. was completely reorganized under its new sponsor, Miss McNally. Individual sports were emphasized and were played after school instead of during the noon hour.

Tournaments were held in tennis, archery, and badminton under the direction of Agnes Stark, Bernice Bagala, and Ilene Bornhauser, the respective managers. The winners of the tournaments were: Norma DeMartini, advanced tennis; Ruth Campbell, intermediate tennis; Betty Tallmadge, beginners' archery; Roberta Pool, intermediate archery; and Bernice Bagala, badminton.

Basketball was played on Tuesdays under the management of Elsie Bergstrom. At the end of the term an all-star team composed of the most outstanding players was chosen: Elsie Bergstrom, Irene Bornhauser, Ilene Bornhauser, Marie Linale, Margaret Ruegg, and Genevieve Polos.

The Lux mermaids swam at the Women's City Club on Wednesday afternoons, and on December 1, 1937, the swimming manager, Marie Linale, managed a meet in which Barbara Beardsley came out high point man.

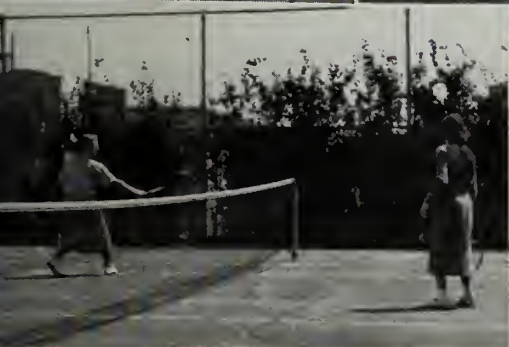
On December 9, the L.A.A. gave a Christmas party at which the awards were presented and the newly elected officers for the spring term: president, Elizabeth Baiocchi; vice-president, Barbara Cronburg; secretary, Doris DeVincenzi; and treasurer, Jean Bagala, replaced the fall officers: president, Betty Tallmadge; vice-president, Grace Ridgway; secretary, Bessie Pontilio; and treasurer, Ruth Campbell.

In the spring term the girls participated in the same individual sports: tennis, archery, swimming, and badminton, under the direction of the respective managers: Ruth Campbell, Theodora Ruegg, Marie Linale, and Ilene Bornhauser.

One new tournament game, ping pong, was introduced, and a tournament was held under the direction of Emma Ratto.

There was interclass competition in baseball under the management of Irene Bornhauser and volleyball under the management of Genevieve Polos during the noon hour.

The term ended with a play day and banquet at which the awards were presented.

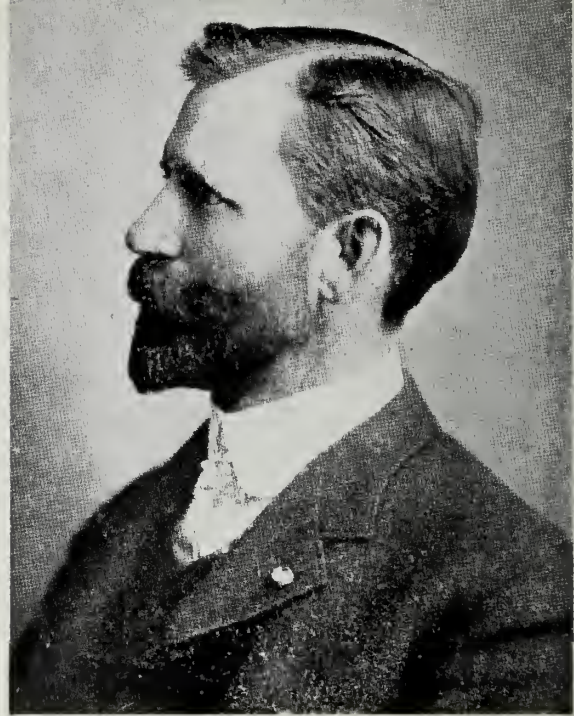


● In 1904 it was decided that the Lick students should construct a building on the south side of Sixteenth Street between Utah Street and San Bruno Avenue. The purpose of constructing this building was merely to give the members of the architectural drawing and of the stone shop classes practical experience in their work. Originally there was no intention of making permanent use of the building, if, indeed, it were ever completed. When, however, after having furnished practical work for classes over a period of fifteen years, the structure was finally completed, it was found to be of such excellent construction and convenience that it was put into use as a permanent school building. At first the office was located in this new structure, but later it was moved to the Wilmerding building where it is today. At the same time all the shops, including the chemistry laboratory, were moved from the Wilmerding to the new Lick building. However, the physics laboratory remained at Wilmerding together with the classrooms for the purely academic subjects.

Today, the new Lick building, which has proved to be very practical and useful, stands as a monument to the intelligence and ability of its builders and designers, the students of Lick and Wilmerding.

INDUSTRIAL AND ACADEMIC





IN AND OUT OF HETCH HETCHY AND YOSEMITE IN 1890

George A. Merrill

● In May, 1890, four of us, young men in our early twenties, planned a trip into the Sierras. In those days such a trip was a far more ambitious undertaking than it is today with automobiles and high-gear roads.

We hunted up a suitable wagon and what we thought would be a desirable team of grays; but when we went to the livery stable to get the rig, the proprietor informed us that one of the animals had gone lame, and that he had substituted a colt. He told us that the colt was a trifle sensitive around the ears, difficult to bridle, but otherwise easy to handle. We did not like the arrangement, but being eager to start, accepted the situation.

As we were driving down Mission Street on our way to the Stockton boat, an expressman edged over to us and, with more emphasis than elegance, warned us to watch that gray mare or she would kick our heads off. We had already discovered that failing in her, and had noticed not only that she kicked, but that she kicked in one particular direction, lifting her heels in a northwest to southeast direction, aiming at the driver. As she was the "near horse" of the team, which meant the left hand side in horse and buggy days, when she kicked, her hocks struck against the brace of the wagon pole. After she had made half a dozen trials and got the worst of it, she was pretty well cured of that habit.

The next morning at Stockton, when we undertook to bridle the colt, he would have none of it. We were forced to tie his neck to a stanchion before we could finish the job. From the boat we drove directly to a livery stable, took the colt out into the corral, threw him, and equipped him with a five-ring halter. By that arrangement we were able to put the bit into his mouth and fasten it to the lower rings of the halter. He was really a gentle animal and did not even need blinders, but he wore that five-ring halter throughout the trip, which covered more than a month.

From Stockton we drove out by way of Farmington and camped that night under some trees on the edge of Knight's Ferry. While we were cooking supper, an old Chinese woman dropped by for a friendly chat. She was Chinese Mary, a well-known character in that region—a relic of the romantic days of '49.

The next morning's ride took us through Chinese Camp, Jacksonville, Priest's Hill, and Big Oak Flat. Then came Groveland—originally "First Garotte", where the swift justice of gold-digging days was first practiced. Not far beyond, at "Second Garotte", we pulled up at the residence of the two men, Chaffee and Chamberlain, whose cordial companionship had been immortalized by Bret Harte in his story *Tennessee's Partner*. The fact that we found these two men still living in 1890 is proof sufficient that their fine friendship was the only truthful part of Bret Harte's story, the rest being a piece of purposeful and pardonable fiction, so far as Messrs. Chaffee and Chamberlain were concerned.

After a delightful half hour with them we moved on, over the Big Oak Flat road, to a junction whence a dirt road turned north toward Hetch Hetchy. When we reached the south fork of the Tuolumne River, we found it swollen to the top of the banks; so we had to leave the camping outfit in charge of the cook whom we had engaged and get the horses across the river as best we could, with the idea of "packing in" to Hetch Hetchy. One of the men, Bruegel, volunteered to swim across. We tied a rope under his arms so that we could drag him out and he got safely over. Then we tied the other end of the rope to the halter of the gray mare, led her to the edge of the bank, and with a "one, two, three" the crowd pushed her into the river. As a measure of precaution one of the other men had gone up stream and crossed over on a log; pulling on the rope the two men were barely able to get the animal onto the other side. When she got out of the water, she was so mad that she vented her spite by sinking her teeth into Bruegel's naked arm.

We had taken with us two old-fashioned bed ticks, each with a slit in one side, through which we stuffed hay to make comfortable beds. Ordinarily the ticks were used in the daytime as covers for the baggage, but in this emergency we used them as pack-saddles to carry the food, bedding, and utensils. When they were used as mattresses, the first persons up in the morning pulled the tick from under the second pair of sleepers and fed the contents to the horses. In other words we slept on the horses' breakfasts.

More trouble came when we reached the middle fork of the Tuolumne where we couldn't even get the horses across, so we turned them loose on a well-pastured island, and got ourselves and the baggage across on a fallen tree. On the other side there was a sheep herder's cabin well stocked with provisions. We tramped the rest of the way into Hetch Hetchy, where we stayed over night in the company of noisy mosquitoes, for which we were utterly unprepared. However, we explored the valley and studied the moraines, regarding which Professor Joe LeConte had instructed us—Milton Blanchard and me—as part of our course of geology at the University.

The next day we retraced our steps, refreshed ourselves at the sheep herder's cabin, left money on the table to pay for the coffee used, found the two horses just where we had left them, and got back to the wagon and the cook before nightfall. The following day we drove back to the Yosemite road and into the Valley by way of El Capitan.

We camped on an island in the Merced River beneath the Arch Rocks. During our stay of about two weeks we made trips to Wawona and Glacier Point by way of Bridal Veil Falls to Vernal and Nevada Falls, to the top of Yosemite Falls, to Mirror Lake, and to all the other well-known points. We came out of the Valley by way of Big Oak Flat, turning north from Chinese Camp to Columbia, the ghost of what had been one of the most glittering, eventful towns on the mother-lode. We ferried the Stanislaus River at Vallecito, and on to Murphy's, where we explored the caves and stayed over night. The next day we went on to Calaveras Big Trees, and from there turned back to Angel's Camp, where we spent half a day checking up on Mark Twain's story, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras*. Leaving Angel's Camp in the afternoon, we thought we might get into Stockton before dark, but when night overtook us, we were lost in grain fields. We took refuge in a barn which appeared to be unoccupied, but before morning we discovered that we had company in the nature of a lot of poultry, including the vermin thereunto appertaining.

Then came, for me, a more or less tragic ending of the trip. When we started out, we had agreed that none of us would shave while on the trip; anyone doing so would be fined \$1.00 and anyone suggesting it, 50 cents. It was also agreed that at the end of the journey a vote should be taken to determine the one to whom a beard was most becoming. The unfortunate winner was to wear the beard until the next summer, when we planned to take another trip into the Sierras. When we arrived at the edge of the business district of Stockton, the driver pulled up at the curb, wound the reins around the brake-lever, and the crowd slipped off the wagon and into a barber shop, leaving me alone. The vote had already been taken.

Post Scriptum: I had the beard trimmed to a measure of respectability and wore it that way for a full year, true to our bargain. When I did return to a clean face, my students at the Cogswell Polytechnical College urged me to let the beard grow again. All of which explains why pictures taken during the early days of the Lick School made me look so prematurely old—with whiskers.

LADY AT THE GATE

Barbara Beardsley, 38 J

● It had been said of our lady that she has had more romance and danger in her short career than many of her older sisters have had in the course of their many years. She has always been loved by thousands, and indeed I have heard it said that the very mention of her name in a group will start someone telling of her charms and enumerating the dangers of her love. Spirited toasts have been drunk to her, and her fair name, San Francisco, has graced the lips of the dandies of yesterday and the smoothies of today, for although her age (as revealed of course by the catty gossips and must not go beyond your lips) is well nigh on to one hundred and fifty years, this age, we say, has not detracted from her charm, but has given her a gay and jaunty air that greatly enhances her appeal.

Her smile can greet you as warm as the sunshine, but, if you are not wary, you will find yourself in the cold. A few of her critical suitors say that her temperament is too uncertain, for she will greet you as an old friend one day, and turn a cold shoulder to you the next; but these carping people are crabs and must be treated as such. No, if you are to be a true lover of this lady, you must love her for her mystery and see her beauty even when she wears a shawl of fog or hides her eyes behind a lacy veil of rain.

Although she is now quite sedate and almost "proper", it is generally understood that at one time she had a rather dubious reputation that she is still trying to live down. She never says much on the subject, but she really is secretly proud of having once been called "the Paris of America". However, now that she is a personage, she is trying to act properly dignified.

Our lady has a beautiful estate that is now very modern with two new bridges, an airport and the Coit Tower. However, her property was not always as clean as it is today; not that there were no cleansing winds in those days, but there were no pavings in the streets. Indeed, at one time when rains were bad, it was reported that several horses and carts sank out of sight in the mire, and the drivers barely escaped with their lives. However, when San Francisco knew that she was permanently settled, she put in pavings and cut new streets into the hills.

When San Francisco found gold in her back yard, millions of excited farmers, bankers, lawyers, and crooks decided that they should meet the queen of the West, so they took the first boat to California. When they arrived, passengers and crew alike deserted the ship, leaving the captain to run the boat, or turn prospector himself. This was very fine for all but our lady, who had at least five hundred schooners on her hands that she didn't know what in the world to do with. She partially settled the question by pulling several on the shore and turning them into boarding houses and saloons.

As our lady had so many boarders on her hands, she decided that she really ought to learn how to cook. Now, some people seem to know how to cook by instinct, and others never seem to learn; our lady was of the first order; for when she tried, she found out that she could turn out as good an omelet as the next one, and from her French, German, Russian, Hungarian, and Chinese guests she has learned to make everything from goulash to Chow Mein. In spite of the fact that she doesn't look domestic (especially behind that frilly apron), we can say from experience that her reputation as the world's best cook is well founded, for her dinners are delicious!

For a while she had a good deal of trouble with a rough neighborhood that was growing up on the outskirts of her estate. At first the place had its sinister charm, but when it grew dangerous, San Francisco began to become perturbed. Fortunately the Barbary Coast was wiped out by the great fire, and a new district sprang out of the ashes.

Our lady is now much as she used to be, a little more sober perhaps, though she has too much of the old fire in her not to thrill as of old to a fiesta, and she still is as responsive to music as she was in the days of the Old Orpheum Theater and the Tivoli Opera House.

Her estate always will be a mixture of the old and the new. Flowers still mass under the gay umbrellas of her flower markets; cable cars still crawl and clang up the abrupt hills; but merged with the soft gold of her street lights, we see the rose and green of neon. Even in her more fashionable district her capricious moods are evident. A shoe shop of the newest modernistic front will be flanked by old-fashioned stores with the solid cornices of the '90's. But moods and inconsistencies detract not at all from her charm—in fact, her suitors insist that her vagaries are an essential part of her enchantment.

WHEN EAST MET WEST

Rob Roy Cyr, 38 J

● Sweat and steel had built it! Yes, human sweat had laid down 3,200 miles of steel from coast to coast. Steel that crossed rivers, spanned miles of plains and desert, climbed 7,000 feet of snow-covered granite, and cut through primeval forests; steel that was to bind and build the great West. It represented seven years of work, millions of dollars, and hundreds of human lives; but foremost in my mind as I stood gazing alternately east and west at the endless bands of silver-steel that sloped on either side to the greatest mountain ranges on the continent, was that I had a part in it—a part in the construction of this empire builder.

I was just a youngster when I'd come west from Vermont; just twenty-three, in fact. I'd hardly acquired my sheepskin when I joined up with the Central Pacific and started to work on the transcontinental railroad. Before I go any farther I should mention the situation that made this job the most interesting interlude in my life—the prize. The government wanted this railroad built and in a hurry, so it offered \$100,000 as a prize to the two competing companies, Central Pacific and Union Pacific, for arriving at Salt Lake first. Both companies were anxious to win this prize, and because I was an engineer directly responsible to Crocker of the "Big Four," all I did was push and drive the men on to greater speed.

We arrived at San Francisco in August, 1862, and were greeted with the order to get to work at once; we were told to go out and cut down trees for ties. The C. P. was at a disadvantage from the beginning, for it had to ship all its supplies around the Horn, but this did not daunt the "Big Four." They pushed on as if we were supermen—driving us until we were ready to drop, especially Crocker. He actually got in and worked with us, even to the leather pants and boots. He was a big man and a storehouse of energy; any man who couldn't work as fast as he could was a sissy. Believe me, too, it made the men work twice as hard.

All we heard for seven years was speed, speed, and more speed. When we set out from Sacramento it was speed; when we reached Auburn it was "Work, men, work! You're slow!" When we reached the summit it was "God, men, but you're slow; get up more speed!" It was speed, speed all the time; we loved it—thrilled to the mighty pace of pounding hammers; chugging locomotives; and chants of working, sweating men. We climbed 7,000 feet in the first 125 miles and then saw before us 700 miles of desert and prairie; we swung into the work with more speed. We even set a record, 10 miles and 200 yards of track in one day, and won a bet of \$100,000 for Crocker. We won \$100,000 for Crocker, but we won a million dollars worth of pride and self-assurance for ourselves—everyone of the three hundred who worked on that lightning crew.

It was months, years of drive, drive, push, and more speed, until in April, 1869, we came within 100 miles of Ogden, Utah, our destination, and the pot of \$100,000 for the first road to get there. But our nearness to the end of our seven-year struggle did not bring joy, for we heard that our rivals had only half the distance to cover that we did. Now we really learned what speed meant. For twelve days we put on a spurt of feverish activity that nearly killed all of us—we were going to win that prize; we had to.

We didn't win; we lost—lost by 300 yards. On May 10, 1869, the most triumphal assembly gathered at the rail head in Ogden. The "Big Four" came, the president of the Union Pacific was there, and so were all the governors of all the states along the line. Leland Stanford, governor of California, gave the order and the last rail was lowered into place. Then with every man listening in significant silence, the golden spike was driven into the last tie. The East was linked with the West forever, and the twain had met.

Yes! Sweat and steel had built those miles of shining steel from coast to coast. Within a few years hundreds of thousands of people would speed over these rails to build the great West into a rich empire. It was all over now, and as I looked from east to west along those endless bands of steel suddenly I felt an emptiness, an all gone feeling. It was the feeling that comes to men who have finished something Great.



AN EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCE

By Bruno Heymann

● I woke at 5:15 that morning of April 18, 1906, to find myself gripping the sides of my dancing bed. For a moment, before my drowsy brain comprehended what was happening, I remembered a scene in front of a small Ohio saloon where a bartender had opened a rat trap to an eager fox-terrier. I saw the dog's joyful leap, his vicious twisting shake, and the dead rat. For a split second it seemed as if a tremendous fox-terrier had gripped San Francisco and was shaking the life out of it.

A mighty roar and a deafening crash brought me to the realization of danger. As plaster rained down on me, I watched the ceiling apprehensively, expecting the joists to give way under the weight of the fallen chimney. Paralyzed, I waited for the end—but the joists held. Stepping over the sharp fragments of plaster, I made my way to the window, which offered an excellent view of the down-town district and the bay—in fact, from this vantage point I had taken many pictures of San Francisco. Today the view was obscured by a low, reddish mist of brick dust, and the gold-gray smoke of fires.

I dressed hastily, but could not wash as the gyrations of the earthquake had spilled the water from the pitcher. Kicking out of my way slabs of plaster and luggage (my bags had been packed for a return trip to Europe, which was to have started on the morning of April 18), I forced my way through the jammed door and walked into the streets. Front walls had fallen away from residences, and the disordered interiors gave the effect of grotesque, colossal doll houses. As I made my way to Market Street, I saw a number of husky dray horses lying dead, killed apparently by falling bricks. Lower Market Street had settled several feet, and wide cracks made going difficult. Occasionally I saw an idle fire engine helplessly standing near a fire, idle because the earthquake shocks had broken the water mains. Suddenly there raced down Market Street a herd of cattle which had been released from their paddock. Crazy by the earthquake and fire, these animals stampeded all around me, attacking the shiny fire engines and finally dropping to their death into an excavated building lot twenty feet below the surface of the street. Loaded to capacity with frightened half-clad people, all sorts of vehicles, even automobiles (rather new and rare then) were rushing toward the ferries.

These sights shocked me beyond measure and I began to realize that I was witnessing a major catastrophe, and that I should find it impossible to carry out my plans for departure. At eight o'clock, when the lower Market Street district was on fire, I became thoroughly alarmed. I pushed forward until I had reached Market and Battery, where the police had roped off the streets to keep people from plunging into the most dangerous section. Here I could observe my office building, which was just beginning to burn. If I were to save the plans for the Nevada mining plant on which I had been working for months, I should have to do it now—this very moment. Calling to a young Englishman, a boarding house acquaintance, to accompany me, I leaped over the ropes, brushed an interfering policeman aside, and ran towards the burning office building on Front and Market Streets. The middle of the street was the safest, but even there I often had to dodge falling, burning flagpoles and other hurtling debris. To my surprise I found the front door to the building open. I rushed up four flights of stairs lighted by the flaring, inconstant flames. A janitor's broom served as a weapon for smashing the glass panel of the office door. I pulled myself hastily through the opening, cutting my hands on the broken glass. With one swoop I collected as many drawings as I could carry. Out through the same jagged aperture I wriggled, not having sense enough to open the door from the inside. A mad rush down the stairs brought me back to the street where the fires were raging unabated. My friend took charge of my load, and back I dashed for a second trip. A tremendous draft, created by the heat of the flames, tore my hat off. After I had returned with the second load, I considered returning

a third time. A quick survey, however, revealed the rapid advance of the flames. Across the street the heavy timber shoring of a large, massive building was already on fire. Before long the shoring gave way, and the collapse of the building completely shut off the entrance of my office building. My brief hesitation had saved me, for a third trip would have meant death.

My friend helped me to carry the two large bundles to an office on Montgomery Street. When at noon this office was threatened by the fire, I hired a young negro to carry the load to Sacramento and Mason, surely a safe haven.

During the afternoon the fire crept up to Chinatown, and I began to worry about the safety of my personal property. Returning to my boarding house on Powell at Sacramento, I discovered that I could not save all my belongings, but I dragged my trunks and books across the street to the embankment of the Fairmont Hotel, then under construction. I hastily buried my property there in the loose dirt and hurried back downtown to watch the dynamiting of the old Phelan building and the burning of the Emporium. How those great plate glass windows cracked!

By nightfall the flames had eaten their way up the Sacramento and California Street hills as far as Powell Street; at midnight my boarding house was aflame. Again the fire forced me to move my bundle of drawings. I was fortunate enough to procure an expressman to take the load far out to the Richmond district, but paying him took the remnant of my ready cash.

My English friend and I spent the night on Russian Hill. We had fallen heir to two families of mothers and children who had lost their husbands and fathers, respectively. Aside from the task of feeding eight hungry people, we had to employ all our ingenuity to keep our charges from becoming hysterical. When they were finally fed and quieted, my friend and I watched the magnificent, awe-inspiring holocaust. The whole section from North Beach to the Mission was a raging sea of flames—a five hundred million dollar fire. As I watched, I thought quizzically of the trick the catastrophe had played me. I had been practically under a sentence of death; in fact, my luggage had been packed and my tickets reserved so that I might return to Germany to die among my family and friends. Although I had had occasion before to doubt the truth of doctors' diagnoses, I had accepted this decree with sad resignation, and had prepared for that last visit with my people in my homeland. Here I was in the midst of this enormous catastrophe, cut off from any chance of leaving, penniless for the time, and completely hale and vigorous. In spite of my prodigious exertions all day, I was not even very tired. I knew now that the doctors were wrong, and that the strength I felt was not just excitement and nerve, but health.

The second night our group of refugees camped out at Chestnut and Laguna Streets. We were on our way to the Presidio where we hoped to find food, water, and shelter. During the following days we combed the various emergency camps in search of the missing fathers. Frequently we were halted in our search by military authorities who commandeered us for all sorts of tiring and menial work. At last we located the missing men and our two families were happy once more.

As soon as newspapers were published again, they were eagerly bought as they carried page after page of advertisements concerning missing people and notifications for employees of business establishments. My firm also was designating a place to report. I called and notified the treasurer of the company that I had saved all the Nevada Mill construction plans and had spent practically all my ready cash in doing so. I asked him for the sum of five dollars, which he rather reluctantly gave me. However, I was enjoying far too much the role of frontiersman to pay much attention to a surly and ungrateful firm. I became a vigilante, and as crime and looting became rampant, I was sworn in as a special policeman. One day in the midst of my duties I saw a notice in several papers urging me to report at once to my firm's headquarters in Oakland. I was too busy to respond to this message immediately, but when after ten days I did report, I found every company official up to the president himself eager to get the saved drawings. In spite of the earthquake and fire, the Nevada job was finished in the allotted time. At the end of the month, however, when I received my salary check, I discovered to my amazement that the five dollar payment had been deducted from my salary. I had paid out of my own pocket all expenses of safeguarding the drawings, which had been rescued at the risk of my life!

The catastrophe had influenced my fate in several ways. It had robbed me of almost all my personal property, among which were some valuable books, family mementos and the new clothing I had bought for the trip home. I had learned, however, that doctors' decrees are not always infallible and should be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. I had developed, also, a philosophical sense of humor which has helped me to meet cheerfully many an adverse and disagreeable situation. And last but not least, the earthquake was responsible for my meeting my future wife—but that is another story.

THE HIPPOCRATES OF THE SIERRAS

Doris Mills, T 39 J

● It was hot midsummer in Rough and Ready. The yellow road smoked in the noon glare, and the pines seemed only to smother, not to cool. Doc Buffington sat on the porch of the dilapidated old farmhouse and took a puff or two on his briar pipe. We sat on the splintery board floor and waited. Doc had promised us a story, and although our hair was plastered to our foreheads, and rivulets of perspiration ran down our noses, and our sandaled feet burned and smarted, we were glad to be here, so near to Rough and Ready that we could see Doc and hear his stories.

Doc had acquired his name in pioneer days. He had been christened Clemens Buffington in 1855, in Rockport, Massachusetts, where he was born, but when in 1881 he had practiced rude but effective surgery on a young prospector in Grass Valley, he was quickly dubbed "Doc" and has borne that sobriquet ever since. In fact, he has been all his life a self-taught authority on materia medica, and although his practice is today prohibited by law, he is an efficient if somewhat crude and ruthless doctor.

We had heard Doc's voice early that morning; its welcome rumble had come up with the breakfast smells of coffee and bacon, so we had bounded out of bed to run to greet him. We had conducted him all over the farm, and now, completely hot and dirty, we were holding siesta and watching Doc pull one of his stories out of his memory.

Finally he refilled the briar pipe, tamped it firmly, lit it slowly, and began. This is his story, made all the more engrossing to us when we learned that Joe was Doc's brother.

Early in 1890 there arrived in Grass Valley two easterners on the hunt for gold. One, Joe, had come to California for the second time, having first been brought here by his parents in the early eighties and later returning to the East to acquire an education. He was a genial fellow with due respect for the miners and a general understanding of the settlers' outlook. The other, Dick, was an aloof, surly fellow, who felt only contempt for the uncouth miners. He was a lawyer and had come to the rough West for two reasons—to set his hands upon a fortune of gold, and to establish a lucrative legal practice. He felt far superior to his neighbors, not only in manners, but in wits as well. He expected to outdo the boorish miner at every step.

After staying all night at the Sugar Loaf Inn, the two men started out for Nevada City and the trail that would take them over the mountains to Donner Lake. Besides two good mares, they had three pack mules loaded with what food supplies were available, and numerous picks, shovels, and pans. They camped along the way with various groups of prospectors. With each group there developed more friends for Joe and more enemies for Dick. By the time the two reached Donner Lake they were known as the Different Couple, since their likes and dislikes never seemed to coincide.

For several months Doc received news of the two, how things were "panning out" successfully and how they were well on their way to fortune. Finally he heard indirectly that trouble had come into the Donner Camp and that a thief was robbing the sluice boxes. He didn't hear until later that Joe had been accused, but he suddenly received urgent summons to get himself on the first animal he could find and come to Donner Lake.

Doc watched the glint of the sunset on the lake's blue waters on the second day after his summons. He had been lucky, had got fresh horses along the line, and, as he rode down the tortuous trail to the lake, he reviewed the case. Someone was in trouble. No one had told him a straight story, but everyone had assured him that Joe was all right. As he drew nearer to the shacks and tents huddled under the trees, he could see groups of men standing talking. Evidently no one was panning today. Finally a man detached himself from the group and began to walk up the trail. It was Joe, and Doc hailed him.

"Hello, Doc," called Joe. "Hurry down here. Emergency case."

Doc did not spur his lunging horse, but when he did reach Joe, he saw that his brother's pleasant face was weary and sad.

"Who's hurt?" asked Doc.

"Dick," answered Joe tersely. "Leg crushed by a panther. You'll probably have to amputate."

The men made room for Doc, and he followed Joe to a shanty on the beach of the lake. The blue water whispered against the sand, and the vividly green lodgepole pines

swayed slowly. Doc looked wistfully at the water, but Joe was urgent. In front of the shack stood a burly miner. His determined jaw looked grim.

"Howdy," said Doc.

The miner answered civilly enough, but looked preoccupied. Inside the dark little shack, Doc made out a bunk and a feverish moaning man upon it. Immediately he examined the mangled leg.

"Yep," he said. "Got to amputate. Get some hot water and a saw. Got my own knives."

The young man on the bed turned his flushed face toward Doc.

"It's no use," he said. "Why don't you let me die?"

"You're not going to die," said Doc. "Here, drink this," and he pulled out a flask of whiskey. He held Dick's head and forced the fiery liquor down him. "Now," said Doc, "behave yourself and be a man."

Joe brought the hot water and the saw and at Doc's orders lighted candles and a kerosene lantern. Building up a bright fire in the fireplace, he put in irons for cauterizing.

Dick was sleeping—mercifully out of pain because of the whiskey. Doc bathed the leg, made the incision, and was ready to saw the bone before Dick was screaming with pain. When Joe brought the cauterizing iron, Dick nerved himself and sobbed, "If it were any use, I'd be brave."

After it was over and Dick spent and resting, Doc walked outside to rest in the cool night air. There against the shack leaned the burly miner. Doc was puzzled, but spoke of the operation and its probable success.

"Pretty plucky he was at that," Doc sighed in pity.

"Yes, and we'll hang him next week," mumbled the miner.

"What on earth for?" Doc demanded.

"Because he's been robbing sluice boxes and planting evidence on Joe. Almost got Joe hanged, he did," was the answer.

Doc took out his pipe and watched the stars brighten as the air grew cold. He and the giant fell silent. They could hear the night breeze and the soft slurp of the water. The clean resinous odors of pine and aromatic herbs came frosty on the air.

"What about a little drink?" Doc asked.

"Well," admitted the surly one, "I'm stiff and thirsty."

Inside the shack Joe was sitting with his head in his hands. Dick was asleep, for Doc's sleeping powder had mercifully eased him.

"Got any more whiskey?" asked Doc.

Joe arose and produced it.

Doc pulled something out of his pocket, but Joe did not watch him, and Doc went out again with the bottle. The jailer drank deeply.

"Keep me warm," he muttered.

After a while Doc came back to the shack.

"Get him bundled up," he said. "We've got to get him away. I won't operate on a man one day just to send him to a stringing-up party the next. Guard's drugged. Get the horses. We can manage if we get to the trail. People will think that you and I are leaving tonight."

Joe jumped to help. Doc stopped. "Take the amount he took and leave it with a note," he said. "You can spare it."

So Joe measured out the gold dust, a great heap of it, and stuffed it into little cloth bags. He wrote the note and ran for the horses.

Doc carried Dick. It was difficult on the dangerous trail, but the horses stepped with sure-footed haste.

"We'll get him to the first train East. He'll live. I don't think the miners will make trouble. After all, they got their money back twice over, and you can't tell me that guard wasn't sorry. Tell me about it."

Joe did—with as little reference to Dick's treachery as possible. Dick had been caught when a panther had attacked him while he was robbing Jim Black's box.

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Doc paused. He filled the pipe again. "But did Dick escape?" I asked. "Sure he did," said Doc, his eyes glistening humorously. "Here, look at this," and he pulled out a gold watch charm. "Can you read it? It says: 'To the surgeon who saved my life and my soul'."

SOLDIER OF PEACE

James Sieler, 37 X

☉ My boat was sailing at midnight and then I would be on my way to China and—war. It had been a long time since I had been near a war and somehow I dreaded it; but as a newspaper correspondent it was my job to be there.

My last night in San Francisco! Night clubs never have appealed to me and the hotels were darkened by the strike. I could think of nothing better to do than stroll through the Mission. Glancing at displays, watching the crowds hurrying here and there on weekend errands, I came towards Twenty-second Street where a small crowd was gathered.

I said to myself, "I might as well listen to the Salvation Army as walk up and down the streets," but the closer I came the less it appeared to be the Salvation Army in Saturday night formation. I could hear the faint strumming of a banjo and a voice singing. I reached the outskirts of that little crowd where I could make out the figure of a man singing and playing his banjo. At the moment he was singing some popular song with such vigor that his audience seemed to be keeping time with him.

Slowly working my way to the front of the crowd, I got a "close-up" of the singer. He was enjoying his performance as much as the crowd did and his face reflected the amusing words of his song. It seemed to me that such art—for art it truly was—belonged upon the professional stage instead of on the street, but as I watched I understood the reason why—the singer was blind. Standing in that crowd, observing the man, I saw in his face courage, character and intelligence. As he began an unusual arrangement of "Over There" and "Hinkey-Dinkey Parlez-Vous," it slowly dawned upon me that somewhere I had heard the self-same variations a long time ago. I looked closer at the singer's face and something familiar in that ready smile made contact with my memory and out of the dark came this scene:

France—twenty years ago—a dimly lighted dugout at the front—the night before the zero hour. A group of soldiers are gathered around a lad, barely twenty, who is playing his banjo and singing. He is laughing as he strums the strings, trying to keep up the men's courage. Listening to his songs, the men seem to absorb some of his spirit and join in the chorus, forgetting for the moment tomorrow's bloody battle for just a few yards of trenches. At the crack of dawn, a whistle blows and a line of silent men climb over the top. Then—the flash of gunfire, the bursting of shrapnel, the screams of men in mortal pain, the rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns mowing down a wall of human flesh, the blinding light of flares and then—silence. The line had reached its goal.

That night the remnants of that group gather once more in sad remembrance.

"Yep, I saw him, the first over and the banjo with him—can you beat that?"

"I saw him right up till the shrapnel burst in front of us and then I lost count of everything. They must have got him."

"He was a brave one all right—had what it takes."

"Yeah, plenty o' guts and smart, too."

That was the last word we had of him, yet here he stood before me, intelligent and brave, displaying his many natural abilities so that he could earn his right to go on living. Blinded by shrapnel, he had probably been picked up by a strange company and sent to the hospital and then home to—this!

War had made him what he was, but it couldn't break him. I lifted my hat in silent homage to a truly courageous man and slowly turned and walked down the street.

THE MOUNTAINS LAUGHED

Martha Davis, T 38 J

● The red sun grew brilliant yellow as it rose over the still, vacant desert. The distant mountains folded deep purple shadows into their valleys and ravines and kept an eagle-eye open for invaders. Sagebrush and cactus partly carpeted the desert floor like poorly grown lawn. Out in the middle of nowhere grew a few scrubby junipers fed by a gay, laughing pool of fresh water which defied the sun to dry it up. Across the desert came a caravan trudging wearily toward the majestic guards of the world beyond.

It came to rest beneath the trees and the tired travelers descended to drink from the sparkling spring.

"Death Valley, or no Death Valley! I'll have to go back. Sarah, I'll have to go back!"

"Yes, Lem," the woman held a sleeping baby close to her breast.

"We're only half way acrost the floor of this valley, and our food is awful low. It won't last mor'an a few days. Look, I can go and be back in 'bout three days if I hurry. If you could——"

"I'll stay here, Lem, and wait." She looked down at the child in her arms. "Jamie an' me'll wait."

"Well, it ain't as though anything could happen, but, well, I hate leavin' you alone with jest old Jed to watch out for you."

The dog crawled to his master's feet, slunk to the ground, and laid his pink, wet, drooling tongue on one worn dusty boot.

"Jed's a good dog. We'll get on fine, Lem. Besides, I've got the gun."

"Well, I'll go then an' I'll be back as soon as I can. I'll take jest the horse. It'll be faster."

The baby awoke while they were dividing up the remaining food. He was playing with his toes when his father came to say good-bye.

"Sonny, I've got to go, so you take care of mother for me." He kissed them both a fond good-bye and then was up on his horse. He rode off in the direction they had come, turning only once in the saddle for a last wave.

She spent the first day washing and mending their meager clothes and preparing the simple meals for herself, her child, and the animals. She played with the baby for awhile. When the sun began to sink and the night air was cooler, she built a fire of sagebrush to keep off the chill that descended with the night.

The second day was much like the first. The sun blazed down on the sand, the cactus, the sagebrush. Only the mountains remained aloof, silent, ever watching.

She tried to keep herself and the child as cool as possible. The dog slept in whatever shade he could find. At last the sun set in the blue, blue sky, leaving a pink afterglow which filled the desert and caressed the mountain tops. Darkness arrived with sudden swiftness, and her fire was the only light in that vast world.

Once more the sun came, bringing with it glare to spread upon the sand. She put on her best, for today he would come and everything must be ready for him. She picked bright delicate desert flowers for her waist. She bathed the boy and clothed him in his best. She made the oasis gay by spreading Indian blankets about the pool. By noon the flowers on her belt were dead and she was tired; the baby, fretful. The sun was high over head looking down on the world with a scorching gaze. She left the trees' shelter for a few minutes to get a mule that was wandering away.

At the time she did not see the snake nor hear it, but she felt the sudden sharp pain in her leg. She knew she had been bitten by a snake, she heard the rattle. She hurried back to camp, and got the gun, but when she returned the snake was gone.

She went about attending to herself as well as she could. She sucked the wound and washed it; then she wrapped it in a clean white cloth. It didn't really hurt, just pained when she walked.

Once more night dropped its black velvet blanket upon the desert. She stayed up later than usual, hoping that he would come. He did not.

The morning of the fourth day might have been the morning of the first day. The same mountains, the same sagebrush, the same bright colors, the same heat, the same desert. The only change was in her leg. During the night it had swollen to nearly twice its natural size. She removed the bandage and found that her leg had changed color. She knew definitely now that it was poisoned. She could do nothing for it.

She spent the day much as she had any of the others, playing with the baby, getting the meals, and trying to keep cool. She did not move about as much as usual, and she kept her eyes always turned in the direction he would come.

The fourth day was over and the sun had gone, leaving fragments of itself in the dark sky. The moon rose full and mellow from behind the mountains. The air was still and warm, but she could not sleep. She listened for horses' hoofs, but the valley was asleep.

The following morning she went about her work with grave determination. Her leg was worse and she knew the poison was filling her body. She got breakfast and again dressed the baby in his best. She neatly folded the blankets and put all cooking utensils away. She turned the mules loose and watched them wander away. She patted the dog and kissed the child. Then she picked up the gun.

Three shots rang out and died away among the hills. The spring murmured softly, the sun shone brightly, the mountains shook their aloofness and laughed.

THE RIVER

Della Ditman, T 38 J

● Jane looked at those grouped around the little table—her father hunched forward in his chair, his hands knotted and rough, resting loosely upon the worn blue and white checked oil cloth covering, and little Bobby, busily drawing on a scrap of paper, a stub of pencil clutched tightly in one grimy fist. She knew that no one was listening to old man Higgs and wondered idly if he realized just how boring he had become with his everlasting talk of the river. She watched his face glowing with eagerness, lit up more by what he was saying than by the light from the unshaded electric lamp that hung from a long cord in the middle of the room.

"Why, I can remember," he said, "when the valley was nothing but sand—when the river left in its path a narrow line of green, the only living thing. Look at it now," and he gesticulated, moving his arm in a wide half circle, "orchards and vineyards as far as the eye can see. And," he continued proudly, almost as if he and the river were one, "but for that water, this would still be a fruitless desert."

Jane sighed and closed her ears to his talk. It was still raining. She could hear the steady drip-drip as it fell from the eaves. Above it came the voice of the river, not far distant, its waters swollen by the incessant rains. On her way from work that afternoon, she had stopped on the bridge, watched the murky river flowing beneath her, the waves hungrily lapping the edges of the already sodden banks.

But louder than the deep ominous notes of the river, louder than the swish and patter of the falling rain, was the song in her heart. That afternoon life was complete. Perhaps there are those that would scoff and wonder that, living the way she did, such happiness could be hers. But the camp, with its bare two-room shacks, hot and dry in the summer with only the gray olive trees for shade, damp and cold in the winter, was to her and others like her, home. To those scoffers, the stench of the burning dump heap and the slaughter houses and the canneries, that often filled the air when the wind blew in that direction, would be unbearable. But then, they hadn't been compelled to start life with the odor of drying and rotting fruit and cooking spinach in their nostrils, working at what-

ever came their way, moving from place to place, toiling endlessly to keep hunger and death from stalking into their little cabins. And then, too, they hadn't met Tony. Jane smiled to herself as she thought of him.

How long she had watched him, hardly daring even to hope that he would ever notice her! And then, just two days ago, while she was standing in her place, waiting to begin work, he had come hurrying by and not only had he looked at her but had spoken and smiled, too, his teeth flashing white in his dark face. Her work, handling the icy spinach, cutting off the roots, shaking out the dead, brown leaves, dropping it on the swiftly moving belt, had seemed as nothing the rest of the day. They talked together often after that. And then this afternoon, just as she was leaving the cannery, Tony stopped her at the door.

"Wanna go to a dance tonight?" he asked.

"I—I don't know—maybe," she answered.

"O. K. Come for you about nine-thirty."

Jane was excited and happy when evening came and Tony appeared to take her to the dance. She knew that her dancing was pretty good, and she hummed happily to herself as she swayed in rhythm to the lilting music. It was over all too soon. The rain had ceased when they stepped out into the night again, and here and there, where the clouds had rolled back, a star glimmered. They talked, speaking of the music; the many things they would do together, their voices low in harmony with the soft, warm breeze that caressed the damp earth.

It was when they started down the incline that led to the low-lying camp grounds that they heard it—a low continuous mumble like the wind rushing through numberless trees.

They stopped, listening.

"What's that?" Tony asked.

The roar increased—louder—louder—until it seemed to fill the night.

"Look," Tony shouted excitedly, "the river!"

Jane's eyes followed his pointing finger and she felt a thrill of horror at what she saw. Advancing swiftly, like some monster in a nightmare, was a huge black wall.

Tony turned to her, screaming to make himself heard.

"Stay here; I'll see if I can help!"

She stood watching the scene unfold below like a horrible dream—a dream from which she must surely awake and find things as they had been before. In the dim light she saw the little cabins that had seemed so secure a few minutes before and the vague figures hurrying confusedly to and fro, trying desperately to save the commonplace things that had suddenly become priceless.

She heard rather than saw the water crash through the trees above the camp—saw them drop from sight as if a black veil had been drawn. She saw the cabins disappear and then the water was full of screaming, writhing forms. She knew that somewhere in that teeming, surging mass was Tony—who had suddenly made life so complete.

She was aware of the cars, their lights shining on the water, and the collecting crowd—tense, horror stricken—as powerless as herself to help. In the glare of the headlights she saw a woman pulled upon the bank, grasping in her arms a small child, the side of its face torn away.

Others were helped from the swirling water—gashed, bleeding, hysterical. Trees swept by, their roots like grotesque arms uplifted for help. The darkness mercifully hid from her the vague black shapes that were carried along in the whirling waters. It seemed as if she stood there a lifetime.

Dawn began to break at last, the first glinting rays of the sun only making clearer the complete desolation. One cabin remained standing, its roof protruding above the muddy waters. A few trees stood, branches brown with silt, swaying back and forth in time to the river's current.

Someone touched her arm, led her away from the water's edge. She felt neither sorrow at her loss, nor anger at the river that had taken everything from her; only a kind of hopeless emptiness.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Barbara Cronburg, 38 J

● There has been a great deal said both for and against present-day feminine clothing by the members of the male sex. However, nothing has yet been brought forward that has convinced the women that they are wrong in their styles. In this article we shall not attempt to prove anything conclusively—but we will just carry on the argument.

The average male thinks he would like to see his girl attired in the fashions of a few years back because—well, just “because.” If he sat down and really cudged his poor overworked brain he would realize what a terrible mistake he would be making, especially if he had to pay the bills. If our hero went far enough back he would see gowns made of heavy gold and silver brocade standing out stiffly from the tightly-laced waist, with the front of the creation discreetly opened to show the petticoat of as stiff and rich a material as the gown itself. Around the swan-like neck was worn a large ruff—not only one but many layers of ruffs—stiffened with starch and stretched on wire. Later on the women of fashion were compared with children in go-carts, “their tightly-laced waists rising from vast bells of petticoats over which the gown is looped-up like a drawn curtain.” The architects of the time began to allow more room in the halls for the passage of the hooped petticoat ringed with whalebone. Just imagine dancing “The Big Apple” or even regular ballroom dances in these monstrosities! And how would the poor male manage to deposit himself beside the fair damsel spread out in a rumble seat? He would have to sit on the gown and probably be in terrible discomfort because whale-bone doesn’t make a very good cushion and it is likely to break.

Of course, our Casanova may not want to go back that far, but just to the time “when Mother was a girl.” At that time the women wore simple muslin dresses without whalebone, but the skirts were helped out by a mere fourteen muslin petticoats. Then, all of a sudden, the muslins disappeared and the skirts became so tight at the knees that walking upstairs in them was an affair of deliberation. Finally, just a few years ago, the dresses went from floor length to above the knees. This was all right for some girls, but bow-legs didn’t disappear with the skirts, so——! Now dresses are at a happy medium, and we devoutly hope they will stay there!

Although the dresses have received their share of ridicule, it is the hats that are the butt of most male derision. “Those crazy hats that the women wear—perched on the side of their heads, on the back, on the top, or anywhere!” Well, “those crazy hats” may be crazy, but suppose the women wore the headdresses of a “few years back.” At the time of George III, women’s hair was kneaded with flour and drawn up over a cushion or pad of wool, and twisted into curls and knots and decorated with artificial flowers and bows of ribbon. Then feathers and chains appeared on these towering headdresses, and finally ships in full sail, coaches and horses, and whole barnyard scenes rocked upon the upper heights. The coaches in which the lovely ladies rode in their outings had to have their tops cut out to allow room for the mountain of hair, paste, and doo-dads. Because the dressing of the hair could not be achieved without the aid of a skilled barber, the “head sometimes remained unopened for several weeks.” At the end of that time insect powder was needed to kill off the tenantry which had multiplied within!

Just imagine the riot that would be caused if girls went back to this style of dressing their hair. The tops of automobiles would have to be permanently off, there would be no head-on-your-shoulder stunt, and every time you and the “girl” were caught in the rain, think of the mess on your overcoat. Of course, there would be quite a lot of people put back to work in the insect poison factories, but——. So if we were in your place, we would not complain about such trifles as dinky, funny-shaped hats, and the new styles in dresses. Just take your girl as she is and thank your lucky stars she didn’t take you seriously and follow the fashions of “the good old days.”

PORTRAIT OF A GRANDMOTHER

Richard Wagner, 39 J

● I first met the dear lady about sixteen years ago. As I have no memories of that introduction, I am at a loss to describe her appearance or personality at that particular stage in her life. However, I doubt very much that time has dealt her many great changes in the comparatively short stretch of years since then.

Today she is quite lovable, but also quite exasperating at times, for she has all the well known characteristics of the typical woman plus a few little idiosyncrasies all her own. One of these quaint little quirks in her nature, common to a good many women I am told, is a fervent desire to develop acute indigestion in all those diners who fall prey to the delicious bait of her foods. In our household it is her duty to supply the members of the family with tempting dishes, but she usually undertakes the task with such vigor that an inexperienced diner is almost forced to founder himself in order to keep up with her. Should he lag in his consumption of her choice offerings, the good woman will rob him of all peace and quiet until he launches himself "suicidally" upon the food before him. Just this evening she almost succeeded in forcing me to consume one bowl of vegetable soup, three pieces of delicious creamed ham, one helping of French-fried potatoes, a half plate of Brussels sprouts, and a thick slice of luscious pineapple cream cake, all at one and the same time. I resisted, however, much to her disgust, for she was thoroughly convinced that I was not getting enough to eat.

She was, and still is, convinced of many other things. Innumerable are the evenings that I have wasted away, patiently and diligently attempting to change some of her opinions on life and the infinite universe in which all life exists. I have watched her sitting before me in apparently rapt attention for hours at a time while I expounded my theories as to the morals of men, the construction of worlds, the defects of states, and the wonders of science and art. She will wear an expression of whole-hearted agreement on her face, nod her head in frequent approval, and then—it never fails—after I have finally exhausted both my imagination and my energy and have settled back to rest contented and satisfied with my brilliant oratory, she will terminate the affair by informing me that all my efforts have not changed her opinion one single iota. However, I am not the only one who has bumped his patience against the wall of her pertinacity. I doubt very much that anyone on this earth could ever change her mind if she liked it the way it was. She will argue for hours over the correct position for a little vase in an obscure corner of the room, or the right place to purchase a bottle of dill pickles so as to get them at their cheapest price and highest quality.

Perhaps these argumentative and bargaining traits in her nature are what force her to attend auction sales so regularly. Whether it be a love of the antiques or of the bargain business, she has been collecting so much stuff of late that it wouldn't surprise me if she soon opened a shop of her own. Some new and strange prize of hers is always appearing around our domicile, fresh from the bidding houses. The other day I was startled half out of my wits when I came suddenly in contact with two strange cats, fantastically green in color, with giraffe-like necks that stretched toward me.

It was not the first time that the old lady's beloved pieces had caused violent surprise on the part of some unhappy individual. I shall never forget the time that I was detailed to place a certain little old gnome-like fellow hewn from sandstone in a corner of the fireplace. My grandfather was reclining in a big easy chair so placed that it faced directly the spot chosen for the ornament. He had been drinking some beer and had dozed off before I entered the room. A short time after I had returned to the kitchen, I was shocked by a sudden outburst of profanity. Into the living room I rushed to find my grandfather poised on the edge of the chair gazing intently, with a look of worry in his eyes, at the little man in the fireplace niche. He squinted and mumbled, and then, looking up at me,

asked in a pleading voice if I too saw that "blankety-blank little blank" grinning at him. After I had assured him that all was well and that he was not being haunted by the ill effects of too much beer, he heaved a sigh of relief and settled back to reprimand me for having conspired with my grandmother against him.

Such were the worries that his dear wife caused in the old man. The poor fellow was always being harassed by her, especially when riding in an automobile, when she was very particular both about the driving and the scenery. Several years ago we were returning from Canada through the long monotonous stretches of the Nevada desert. My grandmother was sitting erect on the edge of the seat, as was her custom, with her attention riveted on the road ahead. She was very quiet, and that was strange. Suddenly, with a worried but matter-of-fact expression on her face, she said to my mother, "You know, Cele, I feel sick."

As she really hadn't been well, my mother asked her whether she would like to stop at the next town.

"No," she replied, "it's just that I can't bear to look at all those dead rabbits that we've been seeing along the road. They are such gooey things."

"Well, why do you look at them?" my mother asked.

"Oh, I don't know. There's just something about them that attracts me, I guess."

It is that same curiosity that led her to look at the rabbits that leads her into the traps of joke-loving sons-in-law, who never tire of teasing her. The traps are laid, the dear unsuspecting lady falls victim, and the conspirators howl with mirth as their mother-in-law tries to extricate herself from the ridiculous position into which she has fallen. Sometimes, however, she surprises them by announcing that "that old joke has whiskers," and then nonchalantly ambling off as though nothing had happened.

I, for one, intend to keep clear of her wrath. I shall engage in no foolhardy teasing as the other males in the family do. The little old lady has ways and means of defending herself. It is not so very long ago since she used to threaten to beat me "within an inch of my life" with an ever handy broom. She has never carried out that threat, and I don't think she will, for we really are, and have always been, the best of friends.

THE LAMENT OF A MILLIONAIRESS

Because he looks at me
With dollars in his eyes,
Because he thinks of me
As a golden glittering prize,
Because he wants from me
My wealth of goodly size—
I shall not be his wife.

Because he never finds in me
The love that I could bring,
Because he never thinks of me
But for the wedding ring,
Because he only sees in me
The money for his fling—
I shall not be his wife.

I'll never hear from him
A song for hearts to soar,
I'll never take from him
Sweet memories to store,
I'll never have from him
The love I've waited for—
I shall not be his wife.

Martha Davis, T38J

DOGS

Fletcher Steele, 37 X

● Does your home look run-down in spite of your efforts to keep it up? Do the lawns that you replanted and have nursed since last spring have holes and dead spots in them? Are your carefully pruned rose bushes and expensive flowers broken and bedraggled? Do you constantly find the rugs in a heap in the middle of the hall? Are your shoes and slippers where you left them? Are your nerves on edge and is your temper worn thin? Do you jump at the sound of the doorbell? In other words, are you constantly bothered by a four-legged animal sometimes called "man's greatest pal" but generally known as just plain "dog"?

I am!

All my life I have had at least one of the little devils in the house. At no time can I remember having a dog that didn't have me at my wits' end. I envy persons who have those so-called dogs which aren't the least bit of trouble and do what one tells them. I say "so-called dogs" because I don't believe there is an animal in the canine race that isn't pestiferous and naturally destructive. My back door has a half inch groove in it caused by the continual scratching of some member of the wire-hair fox terrier family. I'm not sure whether it was Teddy, Mac, Bo Go, or Flick.

Strangely enough, all my dogs except Teddy have been the pick of litters having fine backgrounds with magnificent champions and blue-ribbon winners for ancestors, but little does a pedigree mean to the dog himself. Of the four dogs I have had, Teddy was the only one paid for. All the others were presents. Since Teddy was the best behaved and larger and smarter than the others, we have come to the conclusion that dogs given to a person are the most trouble.

Bo Go and Flick decided to see the world beyond our back fence one day. No one knew of their disappearance till about three hours later. My mother was heart-broken when she found out, but my father was angry, though secretly sorry the dogs were gone. We advertised and hunted for three days but to no avail. We felt as though two members of the family had died. On the fourth day we found the dogs. It was a miracle that we ever saw them again for they had traversed some of the busiest streets in our district. Bo Go was a pekingese and Flick a wire-hair, and neither of them was accustomed to the streets, besides being very small. Incidentally, Bo Go is Chinese for "bad dog," and Flick is short for "affliction."

Those two dogs were a terrible pair. They were always into mischief. One of their favorite tricks was to push the swinging kitchen door open when they were shut up in the kitchen. Flick, being the heavier of the two, would push and hold the door open while Bo Go went through, and then go through himself.

A dog can convert an orderly and clean house into a completely disorderly and filthy place in a few minutes' time. This is especially true just after he has had a bath. The dog feels that he has to get even for being made to submit to a bath and dashes through the house sending things flying in every direction. He goes into the garden and gets muddy and then tracks the floors from one end of the house to the other. It is most disturbing when the "critter," slightly muddy, jumps into an unmade bed in the morning and rolls. He'll do it every time!

Dogs are lovable in spite of the things they do, such things as barking, running all over the house, knocking all the rugs askew, putting muddy footprints on the wall, greeting visitors too vigorously, chewing greasy bones in somebody's bed (especially when you are ready to get in the bed), begging for attention, and so on. I know my family will always have dogs, for each one is a dearly loved companion. Their troublesome traits seem to endear them the more, and there is affection behind our scolding and complaints.

NAVY DAY

● The Lick Wilmerding and Lux Navy arrived at Merrill Hall on November 25, 1937, for the annual Forum Day Rally and Dance. All of the classes were dressed in sailor caps and ranked according to their seniority.

On the program for the rally there were two plays, entitled "Who Says Can't?" and "It Sometimes Happens," which starred many favorite Thespians and Forum actors. Altogether the rally consisted of a well-balanced program packed with laughs and fun for everyone. After the rally the student body danced to the music of "Admiral" Britton and his navy band.

"HOW SILVER SWEET"

● Even though they are spoken in broad daylight from the Wilmerding Library balcony, they are sweet. Walter Bammann was Romeo and Cynthia Jacobs was Juliet in one of a series of Shakespearean readings given by the fourth period English class. In spite of the fact that trappings were lacking and the immortal lines were read, the characters spoke with such feeling that the audience quite forgot the trucks rattling by outside. Several members of the faculty were present, and even one of the parents attended.

38J'S HOLD LAST INFORMAL PARTY

● With George Washington smiling benignly down upon them—from his portrait—and with flags, cherry boughs and hatchets decorating Merrill Hall for the occasion, the 38J's held their last informal party on Friday night, February 25.

Although the decorations were in honor of Washington's birthday, the program was decidedly international and included everything from Scottish bagpipe players to South American serenaders. The high point of the program came when Calvin Biggar, 38J, and Ian McBride, 38X J. C., accompanied by two guest drummers, played the stirring airs of Scotland on their bagpipes. Every member of the audience, Swede, Yankee, Italian, or German, felt the fierce patriotism in the skirl of those pipes.

Other numbers on the program were songs by the Lux duet, Barbara Beardsley and Barbara Cronburg; songs by the mixed quartet, Marlin Delavan, Jack Escher, Barbara Beardsley and Barbara Cronburg; a hill-billy duet by Jack Escher and Erich Thomsen; a skit by Mildred Bartosiewski and Rob Roy Cyr; and a German song by Mr. Heymann. Games and dancing completed the evening's entertainment.

"TAMING OF THE SHREW"

● With hilarity on the part of everybody, cast and audience alike, the senior English class presented "The Taming of the Shrew" on March 17, 1938. There was informality in the whole performance, some hasty pushing about of improvised "props," and, on the whole, the spontaneity and gayety which Shakespeare probably intended for this play.

With robustiousness and swagger that gave evidence of his enjoyment of the part, Rob Roy Cyr, as Petruchio, railed and stamped and starved his Kate into submission. Particularly funny was the scene in which Petruchio arrived to claim his bride. Kate, as played by Barbara Cronburg, was high-spirited and not at all unlikely. The Forum Club should notice Williams—





who played Grumio—and should somehow entice him into membership. All in all, the whole performance was very good fun.

GRADUATION

● Approximately ninety students from the Lick, Wilmerding, and Lux high schools and junior colleges will receive their diplomas on the evening of June 2, in the Native Sons' Hall. The student speakers are to be Denton Delavan from Lick and Barbara Cronburg from Lux. Students are eagerly waiting to see who will receive the scholarship rings and the Lux Honor Medal. The medical dental girls will wear their starched white uniforms; the junior college girls, gold robes; and the high school girls, carrying old-fashioned bouquets, will wear the traditional white sport dresses.

PILGRIMAGE TO MERRILL FARM

● One of the outstanding groups at the annual picnic at Mr. Merrill's Redwood City home was the 38J class, which chartered a bus for the day and appeared in a body. Here also were gathered the alumni who exchanged reminiscences with teachers and friends whom they had not seen for a long time but whom they had not forgotten.

Each class feasted at special tables provided for them under the trees on the "Merrill Farm," and afterwards joined in games on the lawn.

The "Farm" was all but turned over to the guests, and everybody was made to feel at home by the genial host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill.

OPEN HOUSE

● The "Nifty Shop," an operetta and fashion show in one act, was the main entertainment at the Lux Open House on the afternoon and evening of April 29. It was presented under the joint auspices of the Forum and Glee Clubs and the sewing classes, and was directed by Miss Sinclair. The clothes in the spring fashion show, which was part of the operetta, were modeled by members of Miss Hoffman's sewing classes.

The Physical Education Department presented a Swedish folk dance and a tumbling exhibition. The program was completed with a violin and piano sonata by Phyllis Moad and Bernice Kipnis, and piano numbers by Nelly Moncheur and Verna Schram.

From a beautifully appointed tea table refreshments were served. Later the visitors enjoyed the exhibitions on display in each department of the school.

SHRINE OF THE CONSTITUTION

● There could have been no more appropriate gift to a school than "The Shrine of the Constitution" which the 37X boys presented to the Wilmerding Library. Facsimiles of the United States Constitution and of the Declaration of Independence are mounted on a six-foot metal stand surmounted by a golden eagle. The pages of the document are protected by heavy sheets of cellulose acetate. Each page is set into a metal holder and attached to the main stand. In addition to the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, there is a page showing photographs and autographs of the signers of the Constitution. A bronze plaque with the class numeral 37X inscribed on it completes the gift.

(Continued on Page 62)

Lively, vital, spirited—these words best describe her! She's a big girl, both in physique and ambitions. As a talented actress you have seen her in many Forum Club productions, for she is able to carry off any situation with ease. Rallies and dances are never complete without her melodic voice. In fact, she is literally one-half of all school entertainment. On the whole she is very jovial, but unfortunate is the person who feels the sting of her sarcasm. As a "Tiger's Tale" snooper, as an actress, and as a songbird Barbara Cronburg is an exceptionally versatile person.



"Butterball" is the nickname bestowed upon a chubby little blonde fellow who can be observed to best advantage during the fourth period study hour. Because his hair is never in the same place twice in succession, one who does not know him is likely to think the hairy spot on his cranium is a misplaced wig. Just to look at his layers of clothing is enough to induce a heavy sweat. Day in and day out, rain or shine, Butterball is seen wearing a heavy outer jacket, complemented by a sweat shirt, a shirt and a necktie. Maybe he wears red flannels, too, just to fill him out.

As a sophomore, Orion "Butterball" Harrington maintains he doesn't care for girls, but let's wait until he's a senior—maybe he'll be out of his sweater shell by then.



Everybody knows him by his favorite saying, "I've got nose trouble." He is one of these busy people, prominent in all school activities, and admired and liked by all who know him. His favorite pastime is snapping candid camera pictures, but during the past term he has been much too busy, for Mr. Levy (that's who he is) is class president and business manager for the "Life." These activities have kept him well occupied, but he always has time to widen his mouth into an engaging smile which displays his flashing teeth.



Mr. Erich Thomsen is an authority on a number of subjects. Everyone in the drawing room listens respectfully when he lectures on boats and trains. If any member of his audience shows signs of straying, he will fix the inattentive one with his eye, back him into a corner and talk so fast and furiously that he will convince the intimidated victim that the tender comes before the locomotive. Lately he has turned his interest from boats and trains to streamlined automobiles. Students and teachers alike have looked at his drawings of how the modern car should be made. Although his enthusiasms run to machinery, he can twang a good tune on a guitar, and his backwoods tunes have the drawl of the hill-billy. He's an authority on women, too. Get him to tell you about his one date—how he had to wait for a solid hour for the lady, what a nuisance she was in general.

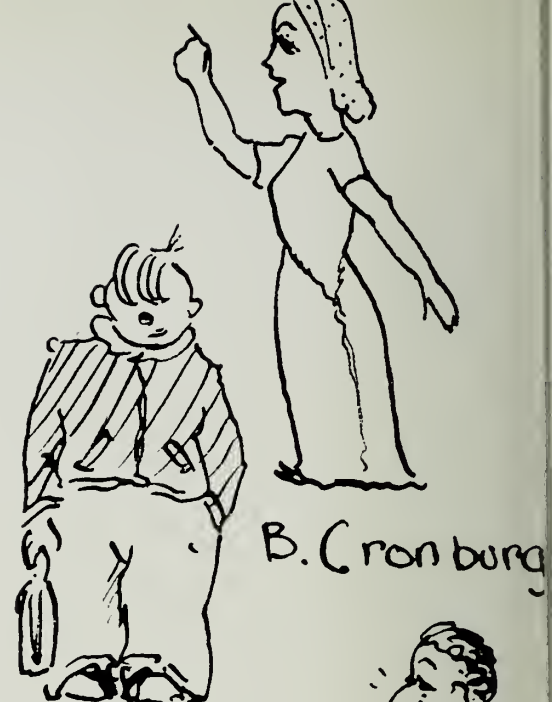
For information on man or beast—vegetable, animal, and mineral—things animate or inanimate—ask Mr. Erich Thomsen.



J. Henry Mohr was a member of the 37X class who did not talk much, but who spoke a lot. As a speaker he was superlative. Although not a member of the Board of Control in his last semester here, he made more speeches than any of the Board members. In every thing he did he was at least anti-capitalistic if not actually a socialist or communist. He was in his glory in English when asked to give a report on socially conscious dramas. Aside from that, however, English bothered him. He was one of the bright boys who stayed in the English class, during a test, from the beginning of third period until the end of lunch period. However, Mohr's outstanding characteristic was his social consciousness. He was always for the underdog.



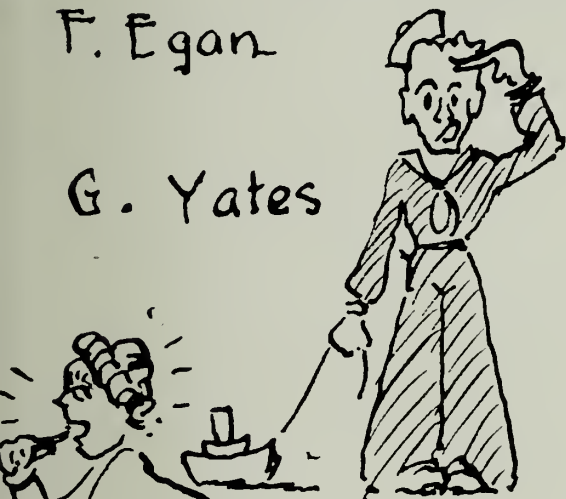
Who is the little fellow who glides down the hill on a windy day with his ears? Who carries his suitcase around all day to hold one or two books and is never seen without his beloved raincoat no matter what the weather? He is that same little chemist who can barely reach the top of the desks. He tries to blow up the school by putting the wrong things in his experiments, and he keeps Mr. Tibbetts busy buying test tubes. He is no other than that little half pint, "Nick" Kutulas.





B. Williams

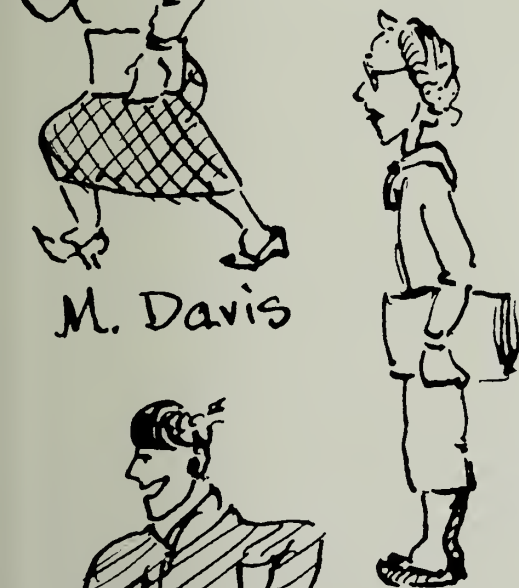
F. Egan



G. Yates



M. Davis



J. Bentzen



J. Yager

He is of mild temperament and of medium height; he has brown hair, one lock of which is always detaching itself and hanging over his eyes, and brown eyes, and he might have a way with the girls if he'd only catch onto himself. However, to catch him, girls, you'll have to push him off his model railroad track. He is a better than average student and is quite smart, even if Miss Palmer has to bawl him out for his poor grammar now and then. He has a fine sense of humor, and one of his pet tricks is to get Miss Meng side-tracked (true to his hobby) on some other subject than Latin. He has a reputation, along with several others in his classes, for never turning in any paper on time.

In spite of all these short or not-so-short-comings, Mr. William Williams is an up and coming fellow and is liked by all.



"Little Egan" is small, dark, and clever but not so keen about her books. As Miss Palmer might say, "She has that indifference to erudition that is supposed to be becoming in an artist." Oh, yes, she's quite an artist. Remember her life-size sailors that she hoisted up for Navy Day. She is a capable comedian and so good in brat parts that one wonders about her own past.



Tall and lanky, spread out beneath a bushy mop of dark brown curls, he glides silently into your consciousness. As soon as you are aware of him, you are sure to be attracted by his natural amiability and poise. You will find him polished in the accepted social amenities, but shockingly without amenability to any of your wishes contrary to his, unless you are a female of beauty, or an adult of authority. As far as the fairer sex is concerned, this lad has his susceptibilities. I have known him to harbour more than one secret love within his heart, and I have known more than one to have been harboured in his honor.

His main aim in life, at present, is to become a sailor of the seven seas. This is evident from his enthusiasm for the school crew, and his daily interest in the shipping news. He has never given any definite reason for wanting to go to sea, but you can take it from an outsider that it's because Gordon Yates is not a one-woman man.



She's Irish we suppose—both for her looks and her temperament. Her black hair and blue-gray eyes, her short upper lip and sudden grin—they're all Celtic. So too are her sudden rages and fits of despondency. When she's suddenly left her best friend to sit as far removed as she can, you know she's had an Irish fuss. Usually she's quite grown up, and she's been known to speak with sound maturity, but she loves to munch cinnamon candy sticks and even to give them a surreptitious lick just before class. And there's a tale about a sudden shower of tears. Her spelling—well, that may be Irish, but it's probably just Marthish.



In spite of a look of continual worry on her face, Jane Bentzen is really a happy-go-lucky young woman. She should go out for track, for, with her long legs and continual practice around school, she ought to be able to capture honors for good old Alma Mater. She is self-conscious although we can't imagine why, for she is unquestionably talented in music and drama. She is well known as the country "animal crackers" cousin in the Senior Jinks and "old maid aunts" in other plays.



Clomp! Clomp! Clomp! Yager's coming. John, not Harold. Elbows aflare and grin at full mast, "Lurgy" bears down upon you. Then above the reverberation of his tread you hear his guffaw. He tells bum jokes and has to laugh at them himself. He talks out of turn in class, he upsets things, he bluffs, he shakes the room with his every move. His best pal is his model T Ford which is like him, noisy and humorous.

38J WEENIE ROAST

● Weenies on Wednesday! Turkey on Thursday! This was the program of the 38J class last fall when they celebrated the Thanksgiving vacation with hot dogs and cider at Sigmund Stern Grove the evening before Thanksgiving. While enjoying the food (for the moment at least), the group joined in community singing and were entertained by skits and musical numbers.

With Mr. Pivernetz acting as Master of Ceremonies, not only the 38J's but also some of the faculty joined in the broom dances, grand marches, and other novelty dances.

SENIOR JINKS

● Villains of the deepest dye, handsome heroes, daries, and ladies and gentlemen of the gay 90's all came to Lux on the 38J Showboat to entertain the student body on April 1, 1938.

The program consisted of a "mellerdrama," a Flora-dora sextet, a bicycle act, and a darky act. The most humorous act was the "Bicycle Built for Two" in which Rita Manly portrayed a gay young blade of the 90's taking his roly-poly lady fair (played by Evelyn Logemann) for a Sunday afternoon jaunt. Trees and hot dog stands whizzed past with incredible speed (and shakiness), all to the tune of "Daisy, Daisy."

YEAR'S DANCES HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL

● Outstanding both for their good spirit and good taste, all the night dances of the year now ending have been well managed and well attended. Much credit is due the various dance committees, headed by Marguerite Grossen and Paul Jensen. Not only have they made expenses, but they have shown profits, the greater part of which have been given to the "Life" to produce the current issue.

The first night dance of the year was given to arouse interest and to raise funds for the football team. Beneath the black and gold tiger's stripes (made of crepe paper!) about 150 couples danced to the music of Jack Kelly's orchestra. The theme "Pigskin Frolic" befitted the occasion.

October naturally brought on a barn dance, the "Harvest Hop", when scarecrows, balloons, corn, pumpkins, and autumn leaves formed a colorful background for the merry dancers. The dance featured for the first time at Lick a Coca Cola stand, which was managed by the 37X class.

February, '38, brought us a "Valentine's Dance" with Merrill Hall appropriately decorated with hearts and flowers. The second night dance of the spring semester was a barn dance in "Merrill's Barn", which sported harnesses, chicken coops, plows, and hay. Music for both these dances was furnished by Ron Jetmore.

The most "dressed-up" social affair of the spring term, the 38J Senior Prom, was held on May 21 at the California Club. The formality of the occasion was expressed not only in the attire of the boys and girls, but also in the almost solemn mood behind this affair, the last official one to be held by the 38J class as undergraduates. The high seniors and their friends thoroughly enjoyed the evening—even to its faint note of sadness which tinged with romance the music of Emile Franckaerts and his orchestra.



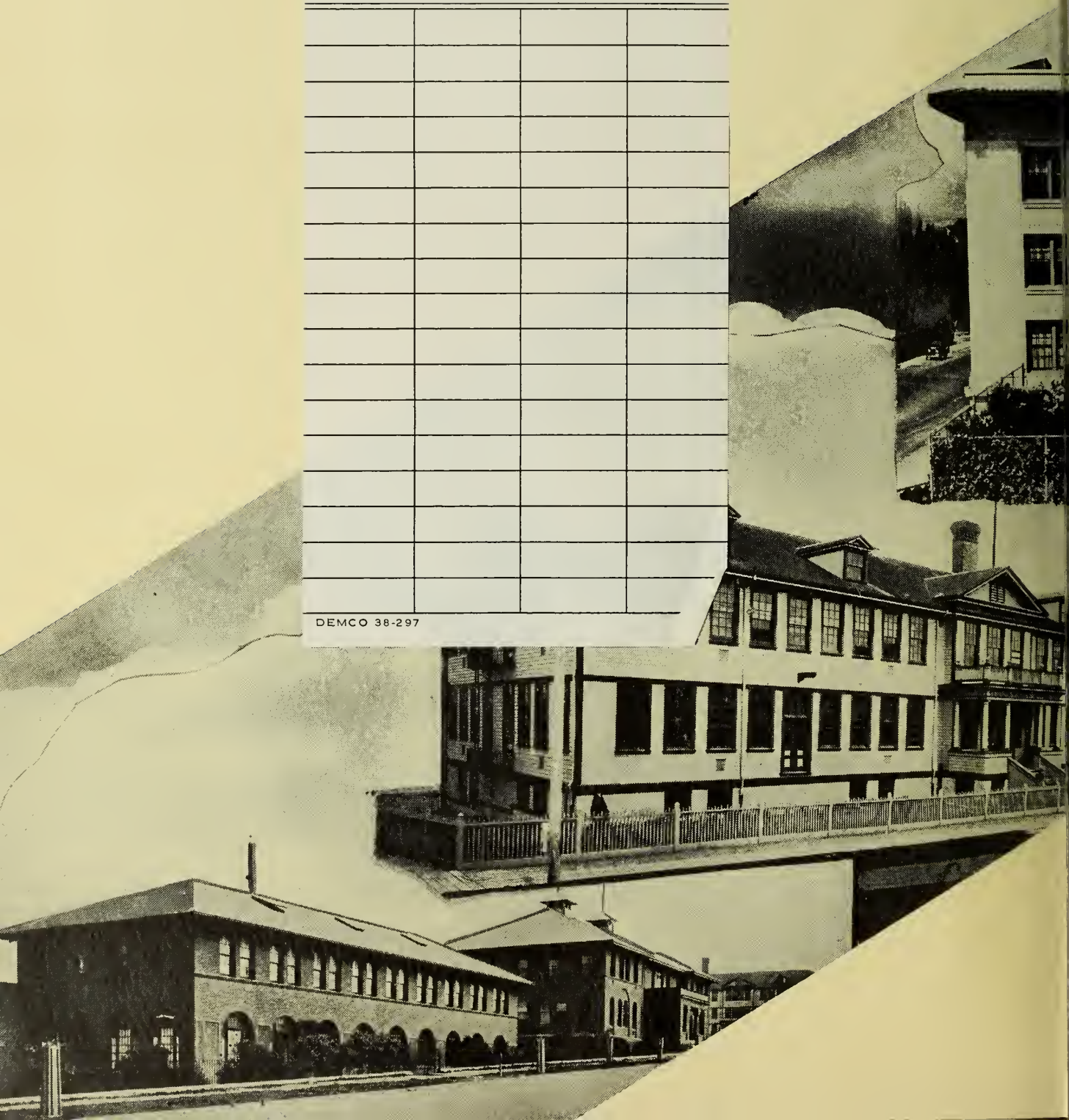
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